

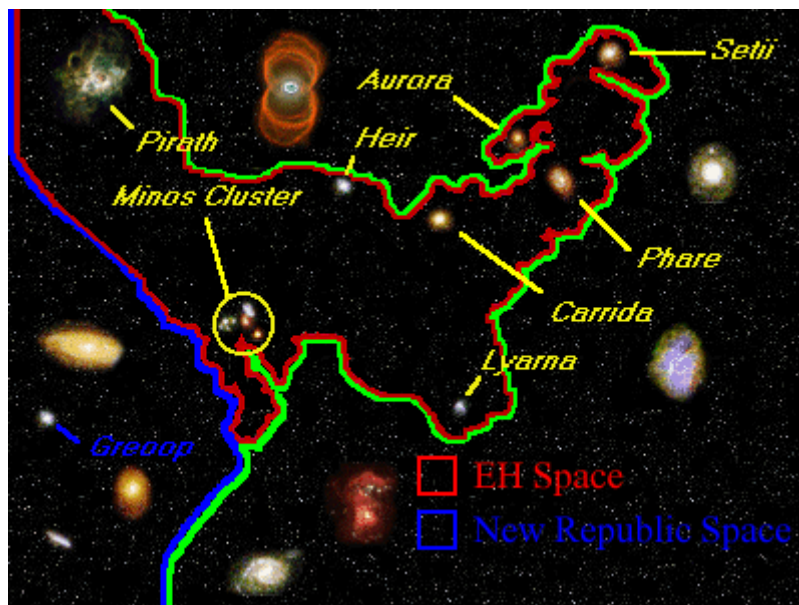
The Dark Sentinel

Issue #48

January 7, 1998

Emperor's Hammer Strike Fleet

Aurora System, Outer Rim Territories



The EH and surrounding territories

Edited/authored by Fleet Admiral Jahn Compton
TAC/FA Compton/CS-3/SSSD Sov

Emperor's Hammer Strike Fleet SSSD Sovereign

3,414 members worldwide

fleet concourse bulletin board

The following presents articles and items of interest related to the Emperor's Hammer from all over the Empire, as published on the Imperial HoloNet and/or forwarded to the Fleet Commander.

Fleet Celebrates 4th Anniversary...!

As of today, January 7th, 1999, the Emperor's Hammer officially celebrates its fourth anniversary. We've come a long way since the Fleet Commander was first given command

of a Wing by the Emperor. Very few online organizations can boast to have existed half this long. The Hammer is truly one of a kind!

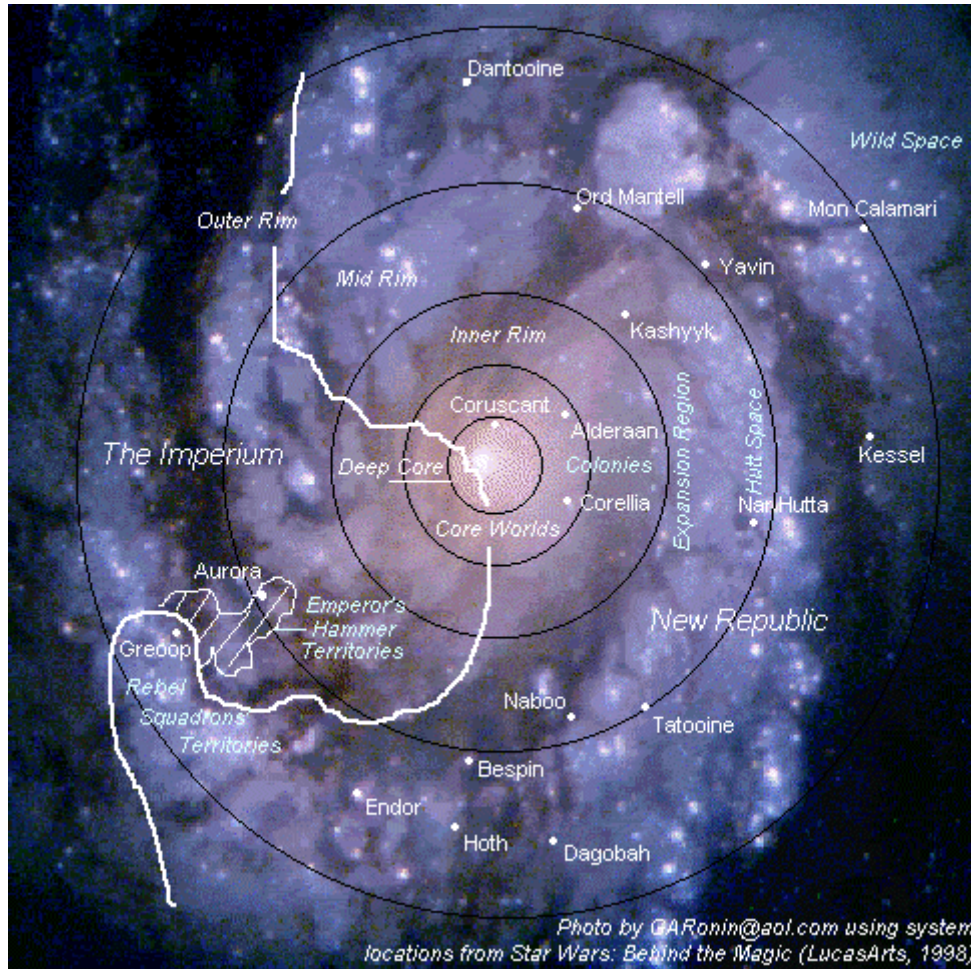
NL 48 presented in new format...!

As you may have noticed, this newsletter is quite different from those in the past. First off, it's the first NL solely put together by the TAC, FA Compton. More importantly, to alleviate the problems encountered with the various MS Word formats (and those pesky macro virii that have been known to pop up), the NLs are being presented as html-only for the first time. Not only does this eliminate the afore-mentioned Word problems, but it makes the size of the file a heck of a lot smaller. Also, the NL will be presented on its intended monthly schedule from now on, which should also keep the size of the files down. This NL is designed for both online and offline viewing, so enjoy!

If you have any questions or comments, please e-mail FA Compton at lovewilkil@aol.com.

office of the fleet commander

Grand Admiral Ronin has gathered articles and submissions regarding the development of the Emperor's Hammer. These include Fleet events, overall EH Plotlines, personal anecdotes, etc. The Fleet Commander wishes to emphasize that all development proposals for the Emperor's Hammer **MUST** be approved by the Fleet Commander prior to release to the rest of the Fleet.



This is the 'proposed' map for use by both the EH and RS in ALL documents, maps, www sites, manuals, etc. I rendered it using a base GIF of a NASA photo of Galaxy M100 and superimposed CORRECT system locations from the first ever Star Wars Map (Star Wars: Behind the Magic, 1998). I then added the approximate locations of the EH and RS capital planets and a rough delineation of the dividing line between the New Republic and remaining Imperial space (about 1/4 the Galaxy at ~3-7 years post-Endor).

Consequently, we now have a relatively correct map that we can all use with some degree of confidence...

Please note that the following files are included in the **EH-TERR.ZIP** file included elsewhere in this newsletter:

- ter-base.gif - the simple copy of the Star Wars: Behind the Magic system locations
- eh-terr3.gif - the new composited EH/RS map
- eh-terr2.gif - the original blow up map of our main planets (nothing new with this one)

Please feel free to email me with any questions. I tried to keep it simple to start with as I'm sure that Episodes 2 and 3 will add to it, so I would say let's leave off planets like Chandrila,

Byss, etc...:) Finally, I would ask that ALL EH base maps be properly corrected (specifically our Systems Manual and ANY related WWW Sites). our Grand Moff Dragon will handle the Systems Manual and our Internet officer (VA Eneziza) will correct/contact any www sites as they come up for his review...

Executive Officer (SA Havok) Retires

After nearly 4 years of service in the Emperor's Hammer and the past couple as Executive Officer (CS-2), Sector Admiral (SA) Havok has retired. He has recommended three fine officers be considered first for his replacement. these include:

High Inquisitor, Fleet Admiral Paladin

Tactical Officer, Fleet Admiral Compton

Grand Master of the EH Dark Jedi Brotherhood, Fleet Admiral Khyron

The Fleet Commander (GA Ronin) has received applications from all three of these officers and will be making a final decision by January 9, 1999. PLEASE don't send recommendations as I am more than aware of the many contributions of each of the three candidates...:)

Logistics Office Sentinels Study Prequel History

As Emailed From: brettinc@icon.co.za

The Sentinel group has been officially activated in the Emperor's Hammer to bring here up-to-date for the upcoming prequels. This will be done through a group of Sentinels. Each sub-group (and the TC...Four Sentinels have been appointed from the TC) has appointed a Sentinel. His/her job will be to achieve integration into the sequels. Integration is defined as writing a history for the groups (writing a whole NEW history, which will be able to incorporate the "new" technology, characters, planets, or themes that will be seen in the new films).

The Sentinel position is a full time job and is directly under the Logistics Office.

With the incorporation of the Sentinels into the Fleet the Logistics Office Homepage is under the process of being revamped. A new Sentinel section has also been added at the following URL:

<http://hometown.aol.com/TedTigerEH/index.html>

If you have any questions on the Sentinels please mail me at fabrett@icon.co.za Fleet Admiral Brett Logistics Officer of the Emperor's Hammer LO/FA Brett/CS-11/SSSD Sov

Star Wars: Behind the Magic

As copied from www.starwars.com

"Behind the Magic offers an expansive and enjoyable guide to Star Wars.

This comprehensive package draws from an incredible array of sources – reference guides, documentaries, books, novels, comics, and the Lucasfilm archives, along with rare film footage, stills and exclusive new interviews with the Star Wars creative team. Sections include: Scene-by-Scene, Characters, Locations, Technology, Events, Expanded Universe, Behind the Scenes, Star Wars: Episode I Preview and Glossary. Behind the Magic also features hundreds of trivia questions to test your Star Wars expertise.

Behind the Magic includes over 2,000 images (photographs and production art), 20 3D models, 40 minutes of digitized video, 20 minutes of audio and 30 ship schematics on two CD-ROMs.

LUCASARTS PRESENTS STAR WARS®: BEHIND THE MAGIC™, THE MOST ENTERTAINING MULTIMEDIA GUIDE TO STAR WARS IN THIS OR ANY OTHER GALAXY

Definitive Insider's Guide to Star Wars Includes Never-Before-Seen Footage and a Sneak Preview of the Long-Awaited Star Wars: Episode I

SAN RAFAEL, Calif. -- May 28, 1998 -- Experience all the memorable sights, sounds and wonders from a galaxy far, far away in Star Wars: Behind the Magic, an entertaining insider's guide to the Star Wars universe from LucasArts Entertainment Company LLC. Expected to release fall 1998, Behind the Magic delivers an in-depth look at the Star Wars phenomenon, including rare, unseen footage, behind the scenes images, and insight into the characters, vehicles, technologies, and talent which shaped the unique scripts and storylines.

Through literally thousands of entries, Behind the Magic presents an engaging and all-encompassing interactive celebration of Star Wars. The two CD collection is organized into easy-to-navigate sections comprising all the details Star Wars fans would want, including scene-by-scene reviews of each classic film in the Star Wars Trilogy Special Edition. Additional sections include film and story timelines, and a look at the fascinating extended world of Star Wars novels, comics, games, and more.

"Behind the Magic will appeal to virtually everyone who enjoys the Star Wars Trilogy," says Joel Dreskin, product marketing manager for LucasArts. "As the premier guide to one of the world's great cultural icons, this set presents an incredibly rich exploration of the vast universe of Star Wars."

As the definitive Star Wars resource, Behind the Magic's incredible depth of information offers an unparalleled opportunity for exploration and discovery. Nine interactive sections highlight a wealth of imagery, trivia, behind-the-scenes facts and figures, useful cross-links and lots of surprises. Sections breakdown as follows:

Scene by Scene -- Details each of the three motion pictures, Star Wars: A New Hope, The Empire Strikes Back and Return of the Jedi, through facts and images, up-to-date screenplays, trivia, and dramatic never-before-seen footage.

Characters -- Provides complete descriptions of all primary characters, prominent groups, as well as creatures and aliens.

Locations -- Describes various worlds and locales throughout the Star Wars universe.

Technology -- An overview of weapons, vehicles and devices, a complete 3D walk-through of the interior of the Millennium Falcon (with commentary supplied by C-3PO) and 3D models of many other vehicles.

Events -- Illustrates through a comprehensive timeline the chronology of events that have occurred in the Star Wars universe.

Behind the Scenes -- An in-depth look at the cast, crew, personnel, special effects, publicity, actor screen tests and Star Wars culture.

Expanded Universe -- A synopsis of Star Wars sources outside of the films, along with a look at the expansive world of Star Wars merchandise, written by noted Star Wars expert Stephen J. Sansweet.

Star Wars: Episode I Preview -- A sneak peek at the production of the long-awaited Episode I motion picture.

Glossary -- A searchable database with more than 700 entries accompanied by detailed descriptions and imagery."

Star Wars: Rogue Squadron 3D Demo Available Now

As Emailed From: lecxpress@lucasarts.com (12/5/98 6:15:00 AM Eastern Standard Time)

"STAR WARS®: ROGUE SQUADRON(tm) 3D PLAYABLE DEMO AVAILABLE FOR DOWNLOAD; FULL VERSION OF GAME HITS STORES TODAY

LucasArts Entertainment Company LLC is pleased to announce that the STAR WARS: ROGUE SQUADRON 3D playable demo has just been posted for immediate download. The full version of the game is also now available in stores.

To download the Windows 95/98-compatible demo, go to:

<http://www.lucasarts.com/products/rogue>

You can find the full game at a store near you, or through the LucasArts Company Store:

<http://www.lucasarts.com/companystore>

You can learn more about STAR WARS: ROGUE SQUADRON 3D and special introductory promotional offers at:

<http://www.lucasarts.com/rogue>

office of the executive officer

Sector Admiral Havok has gathered submissions pertaining to all of the Emperor's Hammer Subgroups. These include recent events, current competitions, general info etc.

the dark brotherhood	db
the hammer's fist	hf
infiltrator wing	iw
corporate division	cd
the guild	tg
intelligence division	id
eh directorate	dir
the fringe	eh rpg
imperial weapons and tactics school	iwats

squadron ready room

The Tactical Officer herein presents any special updates and events related to the tactical operations of the Emperor's Hammer Strike Fleet. New Battle Plotlines and missions are also posted herein. This section also provides directions on copying and playing the new EH missions.



Good little Imperials...

by FA-~~Baron~~ Compton

Gosh it hurts to see that title crossed out like that. After what I think has been more than two years (maybe more) as the guy with the most high scores on the Battle Board, I have finally been dethroned. That's right, your loving TAC has had to give up the title up Baron to another pilot. You know what I have to say about that?

Congratulations, Baron Dread!

He really been kicking some Rebel tail flying in the FC's Honor Squadron, and finally overtook me a couple weeks ago. I guess all this time sitting behind a desk has finally caught up to me. :-j

In happier news, congratulations to the following pilots for earning the Medal of Tactics; here are the Fleet-approved missions for this NL as found in nl48tac.zip:

FL/LT Wet Willy/Tornado 2-1/ISD Chal

Medal of Tactics with Red Hammer for creation of EH Battle 108, Unexplored Territory (ehb108.zip).

TAC/FA Compton/CS-3/SSSD Sov

Medal of Tactics-Green Hammer for creation of the first Dark Brotherhood Free Mission, the Sith mission for Operation Deep Strike, available in both TIE and XvT format (deepstk.zip).

FL/LCM Callista/Typhoon 2-1/ISD Chal

Medal of Tactics for creation of Free Mission Callista-1 (callista.tie)

I'm kicking myself, but I deleted the mail that went with the last mission approved for NL 48. The mission is in the wb1-1.zip file. Please contact me if you designed this mission, so I can get you your MoT.

That just about wraps it up this month. See you in 31.

TAC/FA Compton/CS-3/SSSD Sov

...FA Compton wishes he had more time to fly TIE. Maybe after bedtime, though...

the command staff

Herein are presented sections for the offices of each Command Staff Member. Please use the menu on the right to view each Office's report.

the flight office	fo
the internet office	io
the training office	to
the operations office	ops
the communications office	comm
the security office	so
the science office	sco
the logistics office	lo
the reconnaissance office	ro

the battle board

[Please click on this link when you're online to view the Battle Board.](#)

the roster

[Please click on this link when you're online to view the Roster.](#)

officer's deck

The Office of the Executive Officer periodically releases fiction submitted by Command Officers and Flag Officers of the Emperor's Hammer.

Imperial Security Bureau Pilot Record:

Name: Nikola Ivan "NiksaVel" Leder

Rank: Colonel

Current Assignment: Flight Three Leader, Nun Squadron, SSSD SOV

Scandoc Transmission Code: nileder@jagor.srce.hr

Sex (M/F): M

Race: Human

Date of Birth: 81.01.21.

Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): Coruscant

Marital Status (Single, Married, Divorced, Separated): Single

Family: Father, Mother, three older Brothers

Social Status (Destitute, Poor, Well-to-do, Wealthy, Nobility): Nobility

Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence:

He was born in a noble family of House Leder, but as he is the youngest son he has no chances of inheriting anything of great significance. He has learned to live with it a long time ago, however, he was very interested in making a name of himself, not just being known as the young Leder. That was the reason he joined the Imperial Navy in the first place.

Significant Events of Adulthood:

After the Academy, he pulled a few strings and got himself assigned to Vice Admiral Thrawn's own StarDestroyer (The Stalwart), because Thrawn was the person he most admired in the Navy (Excluding the Dark Lord). With time things changed drastically, he became one of the most loyal and capable pilots in his squadron, and started advancing rapidly. His goal was no longer to gain fame and glory, now his goal was to serve the Emperor above all others! Unfortunately his career was soon cut short by the fall of the Emperor and the old Empire. He soon found himself cut off from the remains of the fleet, and none of the local Imperials seemed worthy of his talents and his loyalty. Before joining The Emperor's Hammer he even ended up working as mercenary with some pirates from the Red Skull (<http://www.dragonfire.com/~decoy/redskull>), but when Imperialists closed in on a mission, he switched sides. Presently, he is already a proven pilot in the Emperor's Hammer, a veteran of over 30 battles against the Rebellion/New Republic. After he joined the EH, he was advancing rapidly and he even got as high as a Rear Admiral, a commodore of a Deep space platform and the director of Project Reno. However, after couple of months living behind the desk, he realized that he cannot go on like this, and transferred to Nun squadron and back into cockpit, having to strip one rank in the process.

Alignment & Attitude:

He knew that the old Empire was ruling through terror and brutal force (NOT the Force) , but that IS the way to rule if one wants to rule an entire galaxy. He absolutely despises low life smugglers, bounty hunters and such. He has a great respect for the Rebels as enemies, after all they did hold off the Empire all those years. The fall of the Empire was the the Emperor's sole error, he never should have taken the chances he did at the battle of Endor. If he used all the capital ships that were stationed there and combined it with StarFighters, rebels wouldn't stand a chance.

Former Occupations (if any): Imperial Navy Starfighter pilot, Alpha squadron; Red Skull Mercenary; The Guild Mercenary (still believed to be a member); Nun squadron 3-3, Tornado squadron 3-1, Project Reno director.

Hobbies:

Love affairs, he is a very charming and charismatic young man, and he has a few beds

waiting for him in almost every system he visited thusfar. He is also interested in developing new tactics and strategies, so he spends a lot of his free time in a rebel craft simulator trying to find some new weaknesses.

Tragedies: The fall of the Empire.

Phobias & Allergies:

Being held in a tractor beam while flying towards a capital ship (*shuder*), doing that to his enemies is also one of his greatest pleasures...

Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer):

We should start expanding, but put great care in not repeating the same errors the Emperor did. We should have many StarDestroyers, but it would be a good thing to invest in medium sized capital ships (like frigates or modified corvettes...), at least until we get more resources. Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet:: To put it simply, to rebuild the Empire.

I hereby confirm that the above information is legitimate and accurate to the best of my knowledge.

Signature: Nikola Ivan Leder

Date: 19.10.1998.

(NiksaVel has since transferred to the IW, thus his inclusion in the Officer's deck.)

WING X
OF THE
EMPEROR'S HAMMER STRIKE FLEET
"A Wind to Shake the Stars."



The ISD Challenge during a battle with Rebel forces.
(TIE Fighter CD.)

Greetings

I am Rear Admiral David 'Zen' Torres, Commodore of the Imperial-class Star Destroyer II. The Challenge currently carries a total of 76 starfighters, each piloted by the very best the Imperial Navy has to offer. Some of these pilots have carried on their family tradition of serving in the Navy while others have continued their honourable service to the Empire and others have joined up to restore Law and Order to the galaxy. I have served the Empire with honour and distinction for the last 6 or so years, first with the standard Imperial TIE Corps then later with Grand Admiral Thrawn's Strike Force and recently with the Emperor's Hammer Strike Fleet. I am not by birth a citizen of the Empire as are many who serve with the Emperor's Hammer. In these days of chaos and lawlessness, it will depend upon dedicated pilots like yourself to restore Law and Order to the Galaxy.

For whatever reason you joined the Emperor's Hammer, I bid you welcome and May the Force be with You.

David 'Zen' Torres

Wing X consists of 6 squadrons, each with 12 starfighters, totalling in 72 starfighters. Stationed on the Imperial-class Star Destroyer II Challenge, Wing X is mainly responsible for the security of the Auroran Star System, the home of the Emperor's Hammer. In these days of chaos and lawlessness, it is vital that the nerve center of all Emperor's Hammer operations is protected at all times. With the support of the many Auroran Guard squadrons based on orbiting platforms and planet bases and the Dark Brotherhood elite squadrons on Eos, Wing X is confident of stopping any Rebel assault on Aurora Prime.

A powerful unit consisting of 72 starfighters, Wing X's firepower is increased with the backing of the ISD Challenge. A Mark II version of Lira Wessex's original design, the ISD Challenge has enough firepower to reduce a civilised world to slag or take on a fleet of lesser enemy ships. In addition to Wing X, the Challenge also carries a full stormtrooper division with 12 landing barges, 20 AT-AT & 20 AT-ST walkers, 8 Lambda-class Shuttles, 15 Stormtrooper Transports, and 5 ground-assault gunboats.

ISD CHALLENGE

An improvement on the first Imperial-class Star Destroyer design, the Challenge is one of most frightening sights a Rebel can see. With a long and proud history of serving the Empire, the Challenge was one of the first capital ships to join the Emperor's Hammer and has been the launching pad for many of the Emperor's Hammer's finest officers. Once referred as being 'Challenged', the officers have proven to both the Empire and the Rebellion that there are few who can take the Challenge. For those who have served on the Challenge and who serve on her now, let the very stars themselves beware for we are:

"A WIND TO SHAKE THE STARS"

CRAFT: Kuat Drive Yards Imperial II.

TYPE: Imperial-class Star Destroyer

LENGTH: 1,600 meters

CREW: 36,755, gunners:330, skeleton:5,000

PASSENGERS: 9,700 (troops)

CONSUMABLES: 6 years

CARGO CAPACITY: 36,000 metric tons

WEAPONS:

50 Heavy Turbolaser Batteries

50 Heavy Turbolaser Cannons

20 Ion Cannons

10 Tractor Beam Projectors

STARFIGHTERS:

1 wing (6 squadrons) of various TIE-class starfighters for a total of 72

OTHER CARRIED VEHICLES:

12 landing barges

20 AT-AT walkers

30 AT-ST walkers

8 Lambda-class Imperial Shuttles

15 Stormtrooper Transports
5 Assault Gunboat
THUNDER SQUADRON

Thunder Squadron is Wing X's Escort/Recon Squadron. This means that during any operation into Rebel-held space, Thunder pilots are usually the first ones into the action, conducting a sensor sweep of the area and probing into known enemy strongholds. During the actual execution of the operation, Thunder pilots are responsible for escorting attacking starfighters into and out of the battle zone.

Thunder Squadron uses the TIE Defender in all three flights.

TYPHOON SQUADRON

Typhoon Squadron is Wing X's Long-Range Support Squadron. Used in operations for supporting other attacking squadrons, a long-range support squadron provides long-range missile fire for other squadrons when attacking lightly shielded targets.

Typhoon Squadron uses the TIE Defender in Flight I, the Missiles Boat in Flight II, and the TIE Advanced in Flight III.

INFERNO SQUADRON

Inferno Squadron is Wing X's Interdiction Squadron. Sent into battle only when the operation requires that the enemy forces are to be captured or at least stopped from departing the battle zone, an interdiction squadron uses all means necessary force to stop the enemy from fleeing the battle zone. Sometimes, it may be necessary to investigate unknown vessels to decide upon which ships should be captured.

Inferno Squadron uses the TIE Defender in all Flights.

CYCLONE SQUADRON

Cyclone Squadron is Wing X's Heavy Assault Squadron. Similar to an assault squadron, a heavy assault squadron is responsible for the attacking of enemy capital vessels and to assist in any capture operations. However, if it is not possible for any capture operations to be conducted, then a heavy assault squadron is responsible for the destruction of the enemy capital vessels.

Cyclone Squadron uses the Missile Boat in Flight I, the TIE Advanced in Flight II, and the TIE Defender in Flight II.

TORNADO SQUADRON

Tornado Squadron is Wing X's Strike Squadron. One of the more common squadrons found in the Empire prior to Endor, a strike squadron is responsible for the assaulting and destruction of enemy forces, usually enemy starfighter squadrons and small to mid-range capital ships.

Tornado Squadron uses the Missile Boat in Flight I, and the TIE Defender in Flights II and III.

TEMPEST SQUADRON

Tempest Squadron is Wing X's Deep Strike Squadron. A deep strike squadron is responsible for squadron-size assaults into enemy -held areas far behind the front lines. This could be

mean the destruction of enemy targets in locations which the Strike Fleet can not reach at all or without sustaining heavy losses or to provide reinforcements for any Recon squadrons in battle.

Tempest Squadron uses the TIE Defender in Flight I, the TIE Advanced in Flight II, and the Missile Boat in Flight III.

TIE DEFENDER

One of the more advanced starfighters in existence, the TIE Defender is used by all Wing X squadrons. Viewed upon by some members of the Imperial Navy as a 'super-fighter', the TIE Defender has no equal in the Rebel's list of starfighters. In fact, it is not uncommon for elite Imperial pilots, such as those of the Emperor's Hammer, to defeat a numerically superior Rebel force. Recently Corporate Division companies loyal to the Emperor's Hammer have developed and constructed a small number of TIE Guardians a more advanced model of the TIE Defender. However, Fleet Command has made no comment on if or when they will be made available to the Strike Fleet.

Name/Model: SFS-X1 TIE Defender (T/D)

Designer/Manufacturer: Sienar Fleet Systems

Combat Designation: Space Superiority Fighter

Crew: 1

Power System: SFS Mk II solar ionization reactor

Propulsion System: 4 SFS inline twin ion engines

Speed Rating: 155 MGLT

Flight Control System: SFS FCZ-2 flight control package

Maneuverability Rating: 150 DPF

Navigation: SFS NL-1 navigation package

Weapons: 4 Taim & Bak KX6 Laser Cannons (single, dual or quad fire-linked)

2 Borstel NK-4 Ion Cannons (single or dual fire-linked)

2 SFS MG-5 Advanced Concussion Missile Launchers (4 missiles each)

Shields/Armor: Forward/Rear Projecting SFS Shields (Rated at 200 SBD)

Quadranium reinforced Alusteel hull (Rated at 20 RU)

TIE ADVANCED

A late arrival to the Imperial Navy, the TIE Advanced was developed shortly before Endor and so only a small number were constructed before the traitorous Admiral Zaarin ordered the destruction of the orbital factories dedicated to their construction. With the lack of construction facilities for the TIE Advanced, many fleet commanders ordered the alteration of existing TIE Interceptor hulls into new TIE Advanced. With the factories of Aurora Prime in hand and the resources of the Phare system available, orbital factories constructed under the watch of the Emperor's Hammer have seen the slow but steady increase in the numbers of TIE Advanced.

Name/Model: SFS TIE Advanced (T/A)

Designer/Manufacturer: Sienar Fleet Systems

Combat Designation: Space Superiority Fighter/Interceptor

Crew: 1

Power System:

Propulsion System:

Speed Rating: 145 MGLT

Flight Control System:

Maneuverability Rating:

Navigation:

Weapons: 4 Taim & Bak KX6 Laser Cannons (single, dual or quad fire-linked)

2 SFS MG-5 Advanced Concussion Missile Launchers (4 missiles each)

Shields/Armor: Forward/Rear Projecting SFS Shields (Rated at 100 SBD)

Quadrantium reinforced Alusteel hull (Rated at 20 RU)

MISSILE BOAT

Developed by Admiral Thrawn during the chase for the traitor Zaarin, the Missile Boat is basically an up-graded Assault Gunboat. Although weak in dogfighting, the four launchers more than make up this reduce in laser fire-power. Standard armament deployments for Missile Boats is to have a double load of advanced concussion missiles, ensuring that one Missile Boat could destroy over 3 squadrons of starfighters. Equipped with a tractor beam, a Missile Boat is able to engage combat with any other starfighter, Imperial or Rebel, with a good chance of surviving. But the special feature of the Missile Boat is it' Sub-Light Acceleration Motors which allows the doubling of the starfighter's speed by draining the energy stored in the single laser. A far more complex starfighter then the TIE Defender, Emperor's Hammer orbital factories have still managed to turn out substantial numbers to equip a number of squadrons in the Strike Fleet and a few Corporate Division companies have improved the existing design for special operation squadrons.

Name/Model: CS XM-1 Missile Boat

Designer/Manufacturer: Cygnus Spaceworks

Combat Designation: Assault Bomber/Interceptor

Crew:

Power System:

Propulsion System:

Speed Rating: 125 MGLT

Flight Control System:

Maneuverability Rating:

Navigation:

Weapons:

Shields/Armor: Forward/Rear Projecting SFS Shields (Rated at 120 SBD)

Quadrantium reinforced Alusteel hull (Rated at 20 RU)

COM/RA 'Zen' Torres/ISD Chall

sovereign cantina

The Office of the Tactical Officer herein presents fiction submitted by the Squadron Commanders, Flight Leaders and Flight Members of the Emperor's Hammer.

Imperial Navy Pilot Record

Personal Background Information

(Imperial Security Bureau)

Name: Dav Dervar Lerner I

Position: Flight Leader, Ra Squadron, Wing VI, SSSD Sovereign

Rank: Lieutenant

Scandoc Transmission Code (Callsign): Lerner
Sex (M/F): Male
Race: Sepanese
Date of Birth: 4.24.84
Place of Birth: Jreiop Asteroid Cloning Facility
Marital Status: Single
Family: 'Clone Brothers' Ular Dervar Ilushus and Dav Dervar Lerner II
Social Status: Well-To-Do
Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: Pillaging of Jreiop Cloning Center and death of scientist Dr. Hra'd Jeckul in attack.
Significant Events of Adulthood: Being drafted into the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet
Alignment & Attitude: I have been created to protect the Empire and those are my valid intentions.
Former Occupations: Patient at Jreiop Cloning Center
Hobbies: Searching the Imperial Holo-Network for input
Tragedies: Death of creator, Dr. Hra'd Jeckul
Phobias & Allergies: Muurian Cave Rats
Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): The EH is the only force cooperative and large enough to withstand and destroy the New Republic. It is hoped by me that it will prevail.
Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet:

I hereby confirm that the above information is legitimate and accurate to the best of my knowledge.

Signature: Dav Dervar Lerner

Date: 11.23.98

Imperial Navy Pilot Record

Personal Background Information
(Imperial Security Bureau)

Name: Mike M'igule'to
Position/Rank: Squadron Leader/Commander
Scandoc Transmission Code (Callsign): Red Hound
Sex (M/F): M
Race: Human (Caucasion)
Date of Birth: 111-43-5321 Standard Courscant Timescale
Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): Imperial City, Coruscant
Marital Status (Single, Married, Divorced, Separated): Separated
Family: None (that he knows of)
Social Status (Destitute, Poor, Well-to-do, Wealthy, Nobility): = Well-to-do
Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: I was a common class laborer on Coruscant when the Emperor issued his New Order. After hearing about the misdeeds the rebels were causing in the Galaxy I joined the Academy as soon as I was age.
Significant Events of Adulthood: I served on the STD Chimerah during the Battle of Endor. That is when life became Hell. I witnessed that gruesome day when our leader died on the glorious Death Star. I wanted to stay and fight but Captain Pellieon turned down my pleadings. After a few years of restlessness onboard the Chimerah I joined the Emperor's Hammer Strike Force.
Alignment & Attitude: The Emperor's Hammer is our last, best hope at regaining all that we

lost. I hope one day I, as a loyal Imperial citizen and servant can put my feet on that metal gem that I call my home, Courscant.

Former Occupations (if any): Laser Welder apprentice on an Orbital Array, Janitor at Academy, Professor's Assistant in Hyperdrive mechanics at the Imperial Academy, Flight Member on Chimerah, STD Colossus and SSD Avenger.

Hobbies: Playing cards, playing a sport known in the Unknown regions as Basketball, attending Rancor races whenever possible, studying about the ancient Jedi.

Tragedies: My father died in a shuttle accident enroute to Corellia. My brother passed away to a unknown virus that swept Courscant when the Rebels took over. Coruscant being overrun by the Rebels. My Mother joining the New Republic.

Phobias & Allergies: Fear of heights and enclosed spaces.

Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): Empire is great! (Read Alignment and Attitude)

Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet:= Already a member!

Other comments or information (optional): Join Vortex Squadron!

I hereby confirm that the above information is legitimate and accurate to the best of my knowledge.

Signature: {ENCODED VERIFIED SIGNATURE} Mike M'igule'to

Date: 11/22/98 Milky Way Galaxy Standard

Imperial Navy Pilot Record

Personal Background Information

(Imperial Security Bureau)

Name: Kory Kyzar

Position/Rank: Flight Member/Sub-Lieutenant

Scandoc Transmission Code (Callsign): Kyzar

Sex (M/F): Male

Race: White

Date of Birth: About 15 Years before the whole Endor fiasco.

Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): Cinad, in the Pirath System

Marital Status (Single, Married, Divorced, Separated): Single

Family: Deceased

Social Status (Destitute, Poor, Well-to-do, Wealthy, Nobility): Well Enough

Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: Parents were killed in a Rebel bombing raid. The Rebels thought a secret Imperial weapons facility was below our city. They thought our people were trying to hide it from them. There was no secret facility! We weren't hiding a damn thing! They never even came back to apologize....

Significant Events of Adulthood: I didn't understand what had happened until I was older. It enraged me then and it enrages me now to think about how careless those Rebel bastards were! But, joining the Empire has given me a way to focus and channel that anger. Little do they know that they created a monster...a monster that carries that rage with him every time he enters a battle!

Alignment & Attitude: I'm aligned with anyone who wants the Alliance to pay for their crimes. I take it that you already know my attitude!

Former Occupations (if any): I'm ashamed to admit it, but I was formerly a smuggler. Like I said my folks were killed when I was young, times were hard for me. I was begging for food one day and this smuggler took pity on me and took me with him. You of course know that I cannot tell his name, but I will tell you that I own this man a debt that I could never repay. I

would put his life over mine any day...no questions asked!

Hobbies: I like to gamble, race land cruisers, etc.

Tragedies: I've already told you, I'd rather not go over it again.

Phobias & Allergies: I still have nightmares about seeing my family crus....Let's just say I have nightmares, OK...

Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): I view the Empire and Emperor's Hammer as the elite of the elite. A force that uses its might to help other civilizations who would be tricked into becoming "allies" with the Rebel Alliance. There is no substitute!

Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: My reason is to extract as much vengeance from the rebels as I can. THEY WILL PAY, and they will pay DEARLY!

Other comments or information (optional):

I hereby confirm that the above information is legitimate and accurate to the best of my knowledge.

Signature:

Flight Member Kyzar

FM/SL Kyzar/Vortex 3-2/Wing XIII/ISD Grey Wolf-[BoP]

Date: 11/22/98

Imperial Navy Pilot Record

Personal Background Information

(Imperial Security Bureau)

Name: Kinslim Jordan

Position/Rank: CMDR/Commander

Scandoc Transmission Code: Jordan

Sex M/F: Male

Race: Human

Place of Birth: A small colony on the moon of Eeo Shaa

Martial Status: Single

Social Status: Well-to-do

Significant events of Childhood: Escaping from the colony in a stolen X-Wing. Meeting Grand Admiral Ronin at Graduation from the Naval Academy

Significant events of Adulthood: Joining the Emperor's Hammer Strike Fleet, Being promoted to Squadron Commander. Becoming a Dark Jedi.

Alignment: I will always be true to the Empire. They picked me up when I was down and taught me the way to true power.

Hobbies: Vaping Rebels and Pirates

Phobias; Allergies: Fear of failing the Empire.

Personal views of the Empire: The Empire is nothing without the Hammer. The Emperor's Hammer is the all powerful force in the Galaxy.

Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: To uphold the good name of my savior, THE EMPIRE!

I hereby confirm that the information posted above is legitimate and accurate to the best of my knowledge.

Signature: Kinslim Jordan

Date: 08:47 Auroran Time

Imperial Navy Pilot Record

Personal Background Information
(Imperial Security Bureau)

Name: Pellaeon, Geraro

Position/Rank: Flight Member/Lieutenant

Scandoc Transmission Code (Callsign): Pel

Sex (M/F): Male

Race: Human

Date of Birth: 29 December

Place of Birth :(Homeworld): Carridia

Marital Status: Single

Family: Distant relative of Captain Pellaeon, Only Child, Has not seen parents since leaving for Academy

Social Status: Well-to-do

Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: Attended Imperial Naval Academy, met Biggs Darklighter, who convinced him of the possibilities of excitement in the Rebellion

Significant Events of Adulthood: Joined Rebellion after graduation, changed name from Pellaeon to Pel. Became dissatisfied with their lack of organization, Joined the Infiltrator's Wing of the Emperor's Hammer, Advanced to Squadron Commander, and Chief Test Pilot of the IEI. Became morooned on a backwater planet. Upon return to civilization joined the Tie Corps.

Alignment & Attitude: Strict discipline and Order are necessary to wage war, or govern a planet.

Former Occupations (if any): Imperial Navy Pilot, Test Pilot for IEI

Hobbies: Collecting, listening to, and creating music, in many formats.

Phobias & Allergies: Will never fly another Rebel starfighter, after having one leave him stranded when it's hyperdrive and comm failed simultaneously.

Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): A strong government is needed to control the people, the Empire provides this, noone else does. The Emperor's Hammer is the best tool the Empire has available to implement it's rule.

Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: Why fly for the wrong side? It only makes sense to be on the proper side, the winning side, the Imperial side, as best exemplified by the Emperor's Hammer.

I hereby confirm that the above information is legitimate and accurate to the best of my knowledge.

Signature: Geraro Pel

Date: 23 November

Imperial Navy Pilot Record

Personal Background Information
(Imperial Security Bureau)

Name: Mason Selrood

Rank: Sub-Luitenant

Scandoc Transmission Code: Mason

Holonet Address: mmcmo36869@aol.com

Sex: Male

Race: Human

Age: 25

Date of Birth: not on record

Place of Birth: Coruscant

Family: no known relations

Social Status: Destitute

Childhood/Adolescence: Mason Selrood was found on the doorstep of a orphanage on southern Coruscant. Mason was rebellious from the start and started moving between orphanages at a startling rate because of dicenplinary problems. At the age of 14 Mason struck out on his own falling in with several gangs roaming Coruscant. At the age of 16 he was arrested for several counts of ***** (This portion of the record has been corrupted). He spent 3 years in an Imperial prison facility and was released at the age of 19. Upon leaving prison Mason was a new man, within a week of release he joined the Imperial Academy and sped through training and graduated at the age of 21 (note: Several disciplenary problems arose during training).

Adulthood: Mason moved through several assignments in the Imperial Navy but after the death of the Emperor and the subsequitual breaking up of the Imperial Navy he immediatly applied to join the Emperor's Hammers seeing them as a beacon of hope in these troubled times.

Allignment and Attitude: Now totally loyal to the Imperial cause, still shows some rebellious nature against orders but is usually restrained

Former Occupations: Known gang member, also believed to once be a gun runner for ***** (this portion of records corrupted) but these allegations have yet to be shown truthful.

Tragedies: none on record

Phobias and Allergies: After psychological testing Mason was shown to have a fear of failure and seems to have a minor problem with authority.

I, Sub Luitenant Mason Selrood, do hereby swear that all the above information is accurate to the fullest extent.

Sinature: Mason Selrood

FM/SL Mason Selrood/Gamma 2-3/Wing I/SSSD Sovereign

Imperial Navy Pilot Record

Personal Background Information

(Imperial Security Bureau)

Name: Bilbo Darknight

Position/Rank: CMDR/MAJ Bilbo/Cheth/Wing IV/SSSD Sov

Scandoc Transmission Code (Callsign): Bilbo

Sex (M/F): M

Race: Correlian

Date of Birth: unknown

Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): Corellian, Kavno Institute for Medicine and Health

Marital Status (Single, Married, Divorced, Separated): Single

Family: Adopted Father

Social Status (Destitute, Poor, Well-to-do, Wealthy, Nobility): Wealthy

Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: Abandoned at the age of four in an orphanage Bilbo was adopted by a Colonel in the Tie Corp. During his younger years Bilbo preferred to stay alone and fly his father's simulators of his Tie Fighter. As he grew into

adolescence he knew only occupation would suit him in his life: pilot.

Significant Events of Adulthood: He graduated at the top of his class in the Imperial Navy yet tragedy struck him when his adopted father was abducted by factions within the Empire itself. Angered Bilbo stayed with the Empire hoping to find clues as to the whereabouts of his father.

Alignment & Attitude: He is a loose canon who does not like authority but is disciplined to accept orders without questions. His attitude is that of a pilot, enjoy life while you can.

Former Occupations (if any): Being a pilot is the only occupation he has ever known

Hobbies: Enjoying the nightlife of any planet he is currently on and collecting artwork of alien species.

Tragedies: His father being abducted by parties unknown

Phobias & Allergies: None

Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): He trusts the Empire only so far since his personality is shaped much like that of his father, always an agreeable person, he is happy where he is at in the EH.

Imperial Navy Pilot Record

Personal Background Information

(Imperial Security Bureau)

Name: Mike Fyrewalker

Position/Rank: TRN/CT Knightmare (mike42083@aol.com)-[XvT]

Scandoc Transmission Code (Callsign): Knightmare

Sex (M/F): I have sex w/ females

Race: human

Date of Birth: 4/20/83

Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): Corellia, in the Corellian Sector

Marital Status (Single, Married, Divorced, Separated): Single

Family: none.

Social Status (Destitute, Poor, Well-to-do, Wealthy, Nobility): Well-to-do

Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: My family was killed during a rebel uprising that was quelled by the Empire. My father was commanding a stormtrooper unit, and my mother was a communications officer. I was 5 at the time. My mother was in one of the headquarters, with my 3 year old brother, who was sick. She was taking care of him while doing her job, even though it was against Imperial protocols. She was never punished for it, the Empire didn't have a chance to. The rebels blew the building up, and I watched in horror from my home as the building was engulfed in flames. Not a single survivor was left in that building. My father was shot down by a rebel. Without any family left, I was left to roam the streets. A squad of stormtroopers found me, because one of the troopers who was a friend of my father's recognized me. I stayed with him until the age of 15. He encouraged me to find a career with the Empire. Ever since age 7, I had shown interest in flying, so my career choice was obvious. I applied for the TIE Corps. I spent 3 years at the academy. I had an uncanny skill of anticipating things before they happened from getting small urges. I followed on these urges, which did wonders for my scores. I was directed immediately to Emperor's Hammer, where I joined Cheth Squadron.

Significant Events of Adulthood: None yet, I have just entered adulthood, being at the age of 18. None really. I am currently 15 years old, and was accepted into the TIE Corps because I showed very good flying aptitude that was abnormal for someone my age.

Alignment & Attitude: I am usually calm. I react harshly when people give me crap, but hardly ever do anything to make people give me crap.

Former Occupations (if any): None

Hobbies: Flying my TIE Defender. One of the things I like doing most is to fly, and on my free time when I don't have clearance to lift off in my TIE Defender, I am usually found in the simulators or talking with other pilots. If for some reason I'm not doing that, I am listening to a band from an unknown origin called Metallica

Tragedies: The fateful day I lost my family from the rebel uprising on Corellia.

Phobias & Allergies: None currently known

Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): There are small things about the Empire I don't agree with, such as harsh treatment to some species, but I usually figure it's all necessary in the order of things, and figure the Empire doesn't like it either, but knows it has to treat some species harshly to get them to cooperate, otherwise there would be galactic chaos, especially if the rebels were running things. Besides, I've grown up close to the Empire all my life, and wouldn't know life without it, so I serve the Empire proudly.

Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: I was directed there by instructors, strongly urged to apply.

Other comments or information (optional):

I hereby confirm that the above information is legitimate and accurate to the best of my knowledge.

Signature: Mike (Knightmare) Fyrewalker

Date: 11/22/98

Imperial Navy Pilot Record

Personal Background Information
(Imperial Security Bureau)

Name: Jac'eck "StarLion" Hardy

Rank: Sub-Luitenant

Scandoc Transmission Code: starlionm@hotmail.com

Holonet Address: Starlionm@hotmail.com

Sex: Male

Race: Human

Age: Classified

Date of Birth: November 13

Place of Birth: Unknown

Marital Status: Single

Family: Unknown

Social Status (Destitute, Poor, Well-to-Do, wealthy, nobility): Middle Class

Significant Events of Childhood / Adolescence: Earliest information obtained refers to adoptive family on the planet of Heir.

Significant Events of Adulthood: Joined Imperial Academy to earn his way off-planet. Picked up by EH Recruiting.

Alignment and Attitude: Loyal completely to the Emperor's Hammer Strike Fleet

Former Occupations: Thief

Tragedies: Family presumed killed, which could not be verified.

Phobias and Allergies: Mild reaction to pollens associated with being on-planet.

I, SL Starlion, do hereby swear that all the above information is accurate to the fullest extent.

Signature: Starlion

ID Line:
FM/SL Starlion/Gamma 3-2/Wing I/SSSD Sovereign

Imperial Navy Pilot Record

Personal Background Information
(Imperial Security Bureau)

Name: Anthony “DhaRmY” Dharmasurya

Rank: Captain

Current Assignment: Commander of Lambda Squadron

Scandoc Transmission Code (E-mail): dharmy@ipoline.com

Sex (M/F): Male

Race: Human? (Possibly a more powerful creature that has taken on human form)

Date of Birth: November 15, 1980

Place of Birth (Please include Home world): *Location withheld to protect family*

Marital Status (Single, Married, Divorced, Separated): Single

Family: Younger brother stationed somewhere in the backwaters of the galaxy, possibly undergoing special training for covert ops (information is limited at this time); parents living on the home world.

Social Status (Destitute, Poor, Well-to-do, Wealthy, Nobility): Well-to-do

Quote: “Now that the stars have arrived, on with the show!”

Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: He was “discovered” on his home planet by a caring and hard-working couple who raised him as their own. He was “placed” there but no one knows by whom (almost like a baby left on the doorstep). At an early age, he exhibited abilities greater than normal humans (heightened senses of sight and smell, resistance to cold temperatures). His parents feared what would happen if these abilities were discovered too early (possible target for assassins, corruption by all sorts of outside interests) so they forced him to repress his abilities. He was a big influence on his brother who is the biological son of his adoptive parents. He was sent to study under distinguished military strategists at the Imperial Academy at the age of 12, and applied to join the Emperor’s Hammer at age 16.

Significant Events of Adulthood: Recently, he reunited with his parents secretly on the home world for a period of three days then were separated again. He has lost contact with his brother, last seen heading for parts unknown. They were only told that he was on “Special training, someone will contact you once he has been inserted safely.” Another meeting is in the works, but nothing is certain yet.

Alignment & Attitude: It is rumoured that he may be older than he appears to be or that he may be some sort of alien which has taken on human form and without any memory of his real history, possibly to be “reactivated” at a later date. He is highly Force-sensitive, his brother is mildly, and his parents are not, or have done a better job of shielding their ability. Normally, he is very friendly and easy to get along with, but seems to fail to realize that every time he destroys another fighter, he may be killing someone. He thinks that it is all part of a game. He may also seem naïve and aloof, but never reckless. He has a very strong sense of honour.

Former Occupations (if any): None, although the possibilities of what he may have done before being “placed” on his home world are limitless.

Hobbies: Piloting, painting designs on fighters, drawing, skiing, ice skating, and working with machines (would rather purchase a new one than fix a broken one though).

Tragedies: His only tragedy is a lack of exposure to them. If a serious one were to come up suddenly, there is no way to tell how he would handle it.

Phobias & Allergies: No significant fears, but has a strong dislike for anything with an

exoskeleton. He does not fear death, because he has the strange feeling he is immortal (He doesn't intend to give his opponents a chance to test that theory, though.)

Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): The Empire and his service in the Emperor's Hammer allows him to realize his full potential and may be a window into his past. He is fiercely loyal to the Emperor's Hammer, although the Empire could be a little friendlier...

Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: To apply his special abilities to their full potential and also try to find out about his history.

Other comments or information (optional): He is rumored to have something to do with the notorious "Agent G" who appeared during the Hammer Fist's Operation: Codebreak, whether one may be a creation of the other is uncertain. He also has some connection with Terry Cantor of the Cantor family, but has no other connection to the Cantor family, Cantor Corporation or its members.

I hereby confirm that the above information is legitimate and accurate to the best of my knowledge.

Signature: Anthony Dharmasurya

Date: November 28, 1998

Imperial Navy Pilot Record

Personal Background Information
(Imperial Security Bureau)

Name: Scott Andrews

Rank: Sublieutenant

Current Assignment: Lambda squadron SSSD Sovereign

Scandoc Transmission Code (E-Mail): ScottAndrews@Juno.com

Sex (M/F): M

Race: Human

Date of Birth: 4/29/81

Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): the backworld planet Kuan

Marital Status (Single, Married, Divorced, Separated): Single

Family: Killed by Rebel Pilot Ace Cloudkicker

Social Status (Destitute, Poor, Well-to-do, Wealthy, Nobility): Wealthy

Quote: "They shall never know Imperial Splendor"

Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: Grew up on the same planet as renowned pilot Maarak Stele. Family had a tradition that in order to inherit from your father you had to first establish financial security. Lieutenant Andrews did that right before joining the Academy. He was very young when he graduated and was immediately transferred to the nearby station D-72.

Significant Events of Adulthood: Fought with Maarak Stele(TIE Fighter) and singlehandedly destroyed a Rebel frigate with a torpedo. Father and mother were killed by the Light Jedi Ace Cloudkicker. Found out father was a Dark Jedi serving the Emperor, recovered his lightsabre and is preparing to visit Eos.

Alignment & Attitude: Dedicated fully to the New Order of the Empire. As a wealthy arms dealer, his father taught him the great benefits of the Empire. His attitude is scathingly cynical and reserved. He was always criticizing the conscripts who would arrive at Platform D-72

Former Occupations (if any): Simple manufacturer for his proof of financial stability. He was unable to take the helm of his father's factory before Cloudkicker destroyed it.

Hobbies: Enjoyed the instruction I heard from Vice, then Grand Admiral Thrawn. He learned all about strategy from him and Moff Trin Aum.

Tragedies: Parents killed by rogue rebel. Only love was killed when the Rebel fired a torpedo destroying a factory on Kuan, and killing innocent civilians. His father's dedication to the Empire caused death of innocent workers and showed the Rebellion for what it truly was. Andrews saw that the Rebellion would go to the same lengths the Empire would.

Phobias & Allergies: Scared of being wrong and losing any under his command. Being involved in stamping out many revolutions has taught him not to fear much. He is allergic to insect defense mechanisms and mentally is allergic to ignorance.

Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): He wishes the truly good guys would finally win :)

Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: Enjoys the missions and the sociality with it. He would defend the EH to the death because it is the last remnants of the Empire.

Other comments or information (optional): Training with Master Trin Aum, who also was his commander, to learn the Force.

I hereby confirm that the above information is legitimate and accurate to the best of my knowledge.

Signature: Sublieutenant Scott M. Andrews

FM/SL Andrews/Lambda-1-2/Wing I/SSSD Sov [Gren][ISM] -IWATS

Date: 11/11/98

Independent Story about a Grand Admiral

Please give me some feedback. Write to me at ScottAndrews@Juno.com

In the Emperor's Throne room
A few months before Endor



The door to the turbolift slid easily open. The room was poorly lit and had several transparisteel observation screens. Fleet Admiral William Scheer faced the Emperor's throne. "Welcome Admiral Scheer," the Emperor rasped.

"Emperor," Admiral Scheer acknowledged his name with a tilt of the head and then a obeisance.

"You have heard the news...about Grand Admiral Zaarin?"

"I have," Scheer spoke.

"That means I have one less Grand Admiral. I want you to take his place."

"Your eminence."

"I have studied your records. I know your tactics. I've seen your victories. You're perfect.

Besides, I need someone to finish Zaarin's research," the Emperor wheezed.

"What research?" Admiral Scheer asked.

"A fighter. A fighter that could outperform the missile boat," the Emperor said. "I'll provide secrecy and a factory to produce them. I'm also giving you a large fleet."

"You are most wise, great Emperor, but how am I to produce them with the Rebel gaining footholds in every Outer Rim territory we control?"

"The Unknown Regions, Admiral. Do not worry about the puny Rebels. You will be given an Executor-class Command Ship," the Emperor said. Admiral Scheer was surprised at the answer. "She's the Revenger. It'll be the key to your mission. Don't lose it."

"I certainly won't. May I personally select the crew?"

"Most assuredly," the Emperor had a hard time speaking.

"I promise you I won't fail," Admiral Scheer said.

"For your sake I hope that's true," The Emperor paused. "You'll receive more specific directives when Grand Admiral Thrawn contacts you. You may return to your shuttle."

Admiral Scheer was met at the turbolift by two Royal Guards and an old friend.

"Commodore Ross, how are you."

"Just fine," he answered. A lightsabre clipped to his belt showed him to be one of the Emperor's Jedi-in-training.

"I suppose you'll make Commodore Ross your squadron commander?" the Emperor smiled at the surprise all over Admiral Scheer's face.

"Absolutely," Scheer said. He turned and faced the Emperor again. Commodore Tharl Ross ascended the steps.

"I now bestow upon you the title of Dark Jedi Knight," the Emperor held out his hand as Commodore Ross's skin glowed red. Emperor Palpatine lowered his hand and the red glow stopped. "A most valuable asset," the Emperor said to Admiral Scheer.

There was no hatred in Ross's eyes like Admiral Scheer could tell Vader had, but there was a new darkness to the man as they rode the turbolift down. For all he could tell as they conversed, however, his old friend Tharl Ross was the same.

"Right after the battle of Hoth, the Emperor found that I was adept in the Force. I spend several weeks learning the Force. It took me awhile to construct a lightsabre, but this war granted me enough time." Admiral Scheer looked at the lightsabre to see one exactly like Vader's. "Ah, you think it looks like Vader's?" he ignited it but a bright yellow shaft of light came from the emitter.

"I don't know much about the Force," Admiral Scheer said. "I thought only the Rebels used it. One called Skywalker?"

"Yes. My Master has been looking for him," Ross said.

"Where have you been since Hoth?" Scheer asked.

"Around. I fought several times with Maarak Stele against Admiral Harkov. And I fought a couple of times against Admiral Zaarin. I love those missile boats!"

"The Emperor just made me a Grand Admiral. And to the best of my knowledge the only one with a command ship," Scheer said.

"I just came from Thrawn's flagship. He wanted you to know that we'll be on Coruscant for a few more days. He wanted me to tell you to go home and spend some time with your family," Ross said.

"I just can't do that. I haven't seen my wife for two years," Scheer said.

"Trust me, they'll want to see you," Ross said.

"How do you know," Scheer questioned Commodore Ross.

"I am a Jedi. The Force is a part of all of us. It allows me to see light-years away and even into the probable future," Ross explained.

Two days later an unmarked Lambda shuttle left the Emperor's palace. Commodore Ross and Grand Admiral Scheer were both on board. "These are the coordinates, sir," the pilot said.

"Where are they?" Ross asked.

"Rhetorical question," Scheer said.

"Wait. Here they are." Ross saw the ship larger than ten regular star destroyers block out the brilliant light of dozens of stars.

"They're not alone," the pilot said. "Three star destroyers just joined them."

"They're Zaarin's," Ross cursed. "We've got a spy among us. Let me take the controls." The pilot said something about not attempting a fight with three star destroyers.

Grand Admiral Scheer contacted Revenger. "This is Grand Admiral Scheer. I request all reinforcements you care to send out." Several TIE Fighters exited the giant docking bay of the Empire's largest ship. "Thanks." We turned to Commodore Ross, "All they send are TIE Fighters."

"You mind handling the rear turret," Ross said to the pilot. The first wave of enemy TIE Fighters pounded away at the shields. Several red dots on the sensors blinked out, but several more came a lot closer. "All we can do now is outrun them," Ross said.

"Isn't that hard to do in a shuttle?" Scheer asked.

"This one's got a few tricks in its bag," Ross exclaimed. Several flares jumped out of the shuttle's rear and hit Zaarin's fighters. One fighter took a hit to the solar panel. Another lost its cockpit and another blew to pieces. Another one dodged, but lost a section of engine.

"We've got one spewing fuel coming up behind us," Scheer said.

"I've got him," the pilot said and fired the rear turret. The expert pilot tried to dodge, but it seemed he was used to flying the more advanced TIE Defender.

"We're almost to the Revenger," Ross said.

"Great. The lead star destroyer just launched a squadron of TIE Avengers," Scheer said.

"That's no problem. We'll be entering the flagship soon. She's got at least three hundred laser cannons," Ross said.

"I thought command ships don't have laser cannons," the pilot was puzzled.

"This one's been given weapons upgrades. And plenty of 'em," Scheer clarified.

"There's a lot the Emperor and Admiral Thrawn haven't been telling me," Ross became slightly mad. All of the Revenger's fighters returned to escort the VIP shuttle.

"No time for pompous greeting ceremonies," Ross said as the two officers ran to the nearest turbolift. "Bridge," he ordered the computerized interface.

The bridge was calm, almost peaceful. It gave away no indication that a space battle was going on. Grand Admiral Scheer saw what could only be his chair facing away from him.

"Welcome Grand Admiral Scheer," Grand Admiral Thrawn turned the chair and looked at him with red eyes.

"Thrawn. I should have guessed you'd be here," Admiral Scheer said.

"The star destroyers have reached our weapons range," one of the lieutenants at the pit spoke up. Grand Admiral Scheer estimated that the Revenger's weapon range was significantly farther than a star destroyer's.

"Good. Wait until the star destroyers are able to fire on us. I want them to see how strong our shields are," Thrawn said coolly.

"You aren't going to destroy them easily with some brilliant strategy?" Scheer inquired.

"No. I'm going to let them feel confident that they can destroy us," Thrawn said. "I wish I had one of these command ships to control."

"It is a great temptation," Admiral Scheer said.

"I like you Admiral Scheer. I like your tactics and way of thinking. They're not like most humans I'll studied," Thrawn said.

“Thank you Admiral Thrawn. Perhaps we’ll work more closely in the future.”

“The destroyers are firing,” the lieutenant said.

“Engage the gravity well generator,” Thrawn said.

“This ship surprises me every moment. Gravity well generators? What’s next a cloaking device?” Scheer asked.

“Not hardly,” Thrawn replied. “Engage tractor beams.”

Zaarin’s men knew they’d come too far. One of the rogue destroyer’s captains reached former Grand Admiral Zaarin. “The ship’s got a gravity well generator. We’re stuck in a tractor beam. We’ve fired upon it, but the shields didn’t go down like we’d expect. She’s been heavily modified,” the now scared captain explained.

“Launch the TIE Defenders,” Zaarin said.

“Yes sir,” the captain said, right as one of the star destroyer went nova.

“They’ve launched Defenders.” another pit officer briefed.

“Let’s launch the missile boats,” Commodore Ross said.

“Not just yet. They are too many. Let the Revenger take out some with her laser cannons.”

Thrawn stated

“I’m going to the briefing room. See you when the battle’s over,” Ross said cheerily.

Grand Admiral Scheer ran a hand through his dark brown hair. “It’s going to be awhile before we take these traitors out,” he said.

“I know. That’s why those are here,” Thrawn smiled.

Two star destroyers and thirty-six TIE Avengers returned to realspace. Then another enemy star destroyer took several heavy turbolaser hits. “It’s shields are down,” a second officer said.

“Destroy it,” Admiral Scheer said. Thrawn said nothing for he knew that Admiral Scheer intended to disable the last enemy star destroyer. Two supercharged heavy turbolaser blasts went through the star destroyer’s bridge and engines. Armor expanded like gas and the minute amount of oxygen flared.

“This is Grand Admiral Scheer of the imperial flagship Revenger. Surrender or receive the same treatment as your friends,” Grand Admiral Scheer sent a holographic message to the renegade star destroyer.

The captain who spoke to Admiral Zaarin saw the white uniformed admiral. “Grand Admiral Scheer. We surrender,” he said.

“Lock on all tractor beams and pull him into the docking bay,” Scheer ordered.

“Yes admiral,” the lieutenant said.

“I suppose you would like to see this,” Admiral Thrawn pulled out a datacard. “Your mission,” he stated.

Grand Admiral Scheer took it without reading it. “I won’t read it now.”

“Let me show you something,” Admiral Thrawn led Admiral Scheer into a room next to the bridge. “It’s analogous to the room Lord Vader has on the Executor. I hear you brought no furnishings for your rooms. I did, however, install these.” Thrawn pointed to several holoprojectors. He pulled a controller out and all of the holoprojectors displayed various statues, pictures, and other forms of art. “My tool for success,” he praised himself.

“These? Art?” Admiral Scheer questioned.

“Yes. To understand how to defeat someone you must understand them. What better way than through their culture?” Thrawn asked.

“I see,” Scheer said.

“I show these only to those I admire. I admire you and your ability to get projects done. That’s why the Emperor chose you to take over Zaarin’s place. You are the Grand Admiral in charge of research and development.”

“Teach me how to use these,” Scheer pointed to the displays.

“Here. Use this.” Thrawn gave Scheer another datacard. “It’s basic to say the least, but it does give away several of my techniques.”

“Thank you.” Scheer said.

“The rest of your fleet arrives in twenty minutes. I’m returning to my flagship. It’s been great working on this great ship,” Thrawn’s eyes glowed in the dark room. Several minutes later Thrawn’s transport left Revenger and after that a fleet of shuttles and freighters entered the system. The rest of the Revenger fleet’s warships came later, a few minutes behind schedule.

“Welcome to the Revenger,” Grand Admiral said to the officers who left the heavily armed escort shuttle.

“Line Captain Bezteen, admiral,” the highest ranking Navy officer spoke. He pointed to a fellow naval officer and introduced him as Commander Nurke.

Grand Admiral Scheer turned to the single Army officer. “And you are?” he asked.

“General Maran. Your new Imperial Army commander,” Maran said.

“Excellent. Join the rest of the command staff in room 4872B at nineteen hundred hours for dinner,” the white admiral said.

“Yes sir,” Bezteen gave a crisp Imperial salute and returned to the shuttle to recover his personal items. Grand Admiral Scheer and his naval trooper escort returned to the bridge where Commander Nurke quickly rejoined them.

“Don’t you have things to take to your quarters?” Scheer asked.

“I can do them later. I wanted to see the bridge first. I’m impressed,” Nurke said.

“Not anything like a Victory star destroyer’s bridge,” Scheer stated.

“Not at all.” Commander Nurke observed the subofficers manning the many stations and comscan screens. Several were even monitoring the shuttles and freighters on their way to the star destroyers.

“Admiral, sir. We have a message coming from ISD Vengeance,” a lieutenant responsible for communications briefed.

“I’ll take it at the nearest console.” The admiral didn’t need any privacy for this message.

“Grand Admiral Scheer. Colonel Cyrax had just boarded our ship. I’m still waiting for Captain Nesdin to reappear,” the woman admiral said. The message cut off, the information relayed.

“A woman! But how?” Nurke asked.

“Wasn’t easy. Many of the ships in this fleet are staffed with females. I had to listen to the things the Emperor had to say about it. He finally allowed Vice Admiral Kitara to command the Vengeance. The Vengeance is, however, the last ship in our order of battle.”

“Seems like a miracle the Emperor finally gave in,” Nurke stated.

“You just don’t know. Kitara is an excellent commander. But because of sexism, she hasn’t been able to fully express it,” Scheer said. “Might I get you to read this datacard quickly and sit at this station just to listen to the ships report in?” No sooner had he read it Commander Nurke got several messages from empty shuttles and freighters requesting permission to return to Coruscant.

Several officers joined the grand admiral in room 4872B. Captain Metlon came from the interdicator Restrictor, and Captain Terhol came from the star destroyer Demolisher. Captain Bezteen and General Maran were there. Commander Nurke and Flight Commander Ross were still monitoring the progress of sixteen late shuttles.

“Certainly not the easiest way to staff a command ship and a fleet of sixteen other starships,” Admiral Teiss of the star destroyer Demolisher said about the shuttles.

“Absolutely not,” General Maran agreed.

“I have great news,” Grand Admiral Scheer said. “The Empire is having victories against the traitor Zaarin.” Most of the officers sat silent, but the look of hope was on their faces.

“Where are we going, sir,” Commander Nurke asked.

“I’d expect you to ask on the bridge and not at dinner, but...” Scheer hesitated. “We are to go into the Unknown Regions and establish shipyards, starfighter factories, and research platforms.”

“Is the war going so badly that we need to run from the Rebels?” Terhol asked.

“No,” Scheer bluntly stated. “The Empire just needs privacy for its secret projects. I picked you because you’ve all worked on them before.”

“What kind of research are we working on?” General Maran questioned, who worked on a lightweight shield system for stormtrooper armor. He was puzzled that it hadn’t worked.

“Fighters. Capital Ship weapons. Defense systems, anything we can to help the war effort,” Scheer answered.

The answers seemed to suffice because the rest of the conversation was about Coruscant holovid stars and slowly digressed to xenobiological pests.

“I need not have to tell everyone about keeping this to ourselves,” Grand Admiral Scheer said.

“No. You don’t,” everyone said, in one form or another.

The next week an urgent message came from Grand Admiral Thrawn and included briefings made by Darth Vader. “We need your assistance in finding this Commander Raveen. We have reason to believe he is operating Zaarin’s manufacturing facilities in an unexplored system. We want your three interdicator cruisers to assist us in this campaign,” the holoform of the alien admiral was crisp and clear thanks to equipment installed on the Revenger. “You are in charge of the task force. Lord Vader is commanding a fleet in charge of finding a stolen Imperial freighter. I am tracking down Zaarin to destroy once and for all.”

Grand Admiral Scheer lifted up the comlink attached to his belt. From the look of it, he had obviously picked it up numerous times in the past. “Captain Nurke. Set a course for the Iast system,” he said through the comlink.

“Yes sir. Iast system,” Captain Nurke returned. Admiral Scheer returned to the datacard Admiral Thrawn presented to him.

Six shuttles entered Revenger’s hangar the next day. The captains to all the ships left them and viewed the spacious hangar bay. Two hundred stormtroopers and naval troopers guarded the white admiral with Blastech rifles. Another officer was with the grand admiral, and Murdrand had a distinctive feeling that it was Revenger’s flight commander, Commodore Ross.

“Welcome to the Revenger, gentlebeings,” Grand Admiral Scheer used a politically correct greeting.

“Enough of the niceties,” Murdrand was without social graces.

“Easy there. We wait for the Moffs,” Scheer stated. Two heavily armed escort shuttles slipped past the magnetic shields. Four E-Web blasters manned by stormtroopers aimed in the general direction of the latecomers.

Much like its master, the shuttle of Moff Tirkan landed with its side to the grand admiral so its weapons were aimed harmlessly into the bulkheads. On the other hand, Moff Curnan’s shuttle landed facing towards the stormtroopers and fleet troopers. I ought to watch that one, Admiral Scheer thought to himself.

Moff Tirkan exited first. His head was covered in whitening blonde hair and he no longer looked as he did at the battle of Hoth. He extended a warm welcome to his old acquaintance, the grand admiral.

Like night and day, Moff Curnan contrasted with Moff Tirkan. Their very planets expressed a difference. Tirkan's Erewos was a peaceful, but prosperous planet. Curnan's Klak II was a planet full of pollution and he ruled with a less than benevolent hand. Curnan exited his shuttle. He had jet black hair. Two vicious looking naval troopers walked abreast of him, both armed with heavy blaster pistols. Almost like Murdrand he asked, "Enough of the social aspects. Let's get on to killing this traitor."

"I don't know which of you is worse, Zaarin or you," Tirkan taunted Moff Curnan. A cold stare from the young Moff, and the rubbing of a blaster by the Moff's guards, stopped Moff Tirkan.

"Calm down gentlemen. We're here as Imperials, and not two blood enemies. Let me show you to the conference room," Scheer stopped the quarrel.

Commodore Ross was completely ready with the lightsabre as one of Moff Curnan's guards shot at the Grand Admiral. The yellow blade blocked the stun bolt into the energy absorbing magnetic shields. He then put an unseen grip on the neck of the offending trooper. "Are we going to play nice, or am I to get forceful?" Ross asked.

"Put the gun down you idiot," Curnan ordered.

"You're lucky that was a stun bolt. I'd have had him kill you," Scheer had turned to see the last half of the bolt's existence. Several of the fleet troopers huddled around the white officer as the group continued their journey towards the conference room.

The room became worse than an Imperial Senate session. Without his guards, Moff Curnan sat quiet as Murdrand screamed at Moff Tirkan. Curnan said an abusive remark about Vice Admiral Kitara and she leaped across the table and grabbed his scrawny throat. Admiral Scheer had both the Moff and the female admiral stunned before anything could be done.

"Look at you. You're not Imperial officers. You're old republic leftovers," Moff Tirkan shut the whole room up. I didn't spend thirty years in the galaxy's greatest government's armed forces to deal with this. I remove myself from this bid."

"Who ever said this was a bid?" Murdrand asked.

"I did. In a way it is: we are to come to the agreement for the size of a fleet to attack Raveen." Admiral Scheer said.

"I must apologize," Moff Curnan said. "The Outer Rim has hardened this way. I am prepared to help you." But he wasn't sorry for what he said about Kitara.

"Take back what you said, you Rimocrat," Kitara wanted Moff Curnan to eat blaster, but would stop fighting if he apologized for the sexist statement he told. "Admiral. Calm down," Scheer said. "And now for the rest of you. I'm deploying the Revenger. Kitara's Vengeance and Captain Terhol's Demolisher will make up the rest of my commitment."

"I will command my Slayer and another star destroyer I can round up." Murdrand said.

Always being cautious, but capable, Moff Tirkan committed to bringing five star destroyers. Moff Tirkan agreed to support them with two Victory star destroyers. A certain Captain Jur, who was found drifting in a damaged Victory-class star destroyer after a Rebel attack, also agreed to help.

"He had to go and pick a nebula to hide in," Flight Commander Ross bemoaned.

"Message from the interdicator cruiser Detainer," a pit officer said. "They've stopped a group of freighters trying make the jump inside the nebula. Captain Kartise said he had just turned his gravity well generators on. A boarding team should have just brought the freighters back for further analysis."

"Did he tell you that or did you just jump to conclusions?" Captain Bezteen asked.

"I inferred from some of the message," the officer cringed.

"Don't let your imagination get out of control," Bezteen suggested. "Tell the admiral when

he returns to the bridge.”

“I have great news,” Admiral Scheer said. “The Detainer has just stopped a group of freighters. They’re carrying some kind of new ion burst missile. They should be put to great use when we attempt to disable whatever’s in there.”

“So much for informing the admiral,” the pit officer said to his nearest neighbor.

“The Slayer is entering the nebula,” Commander Nurke said, coming from the sensor room. “It certainly looks like I’m needed here,” he said as several of the most talented weapons officers took their stations.

“Inform Admiral Kitara that she may begin her jump to hyperspace. Give the Demolisher three more minutes until theirs.” Admiral Scheer commanded.

Moff Curnan’s ship had also jumped to lightspeed. Moff Tirkan slowly crept into an area of the nebula that was less dense. “I’ve found them,” he informed the task force as sixteen dots appeared on his passive sensors.

Captain Murdrand engaged his engines and turned on his active sensors. “We’ve got five orbital shipyards, five repair yards, and five manufacturing stations. And one?”

“One what?” Commander Nurke questioned.

“Command ship,” Murdrand trembled. The subspace link stopped. The unfinished command ship still had plenty of weaponry installed. With fifty heavy turbolasers unobstructed by the shipyards, it destroyed Murdrand’s Slayer.

“Remind me to send my regards to Intel,” Ross said, trying to calm the pilots who were assembled to use the ion burst missiles.

“We’re gonna need you out there with the pilots,” Admiral Scheer said to Flight Commander Ross.

“No problem,” he uttered, “I’ll just use the TIE Defender no one’s used yet.” Most of the new pilots didn’t know what a TIE Defender was or what it could do. However, the veterans knew full well its destructive capabilities. Not too many of them had flown one, but they knew the ability of the TIE Avengers they flew and the missile boats some would pilot.

“We’ve got enemy fighters up an’ ready to meet us,” Commander Nurke informed the bridge officers, whether they wanted to hear it or not.

“What about defenses?” Scheer asked.

“Apparently they spent all their resources trying to build a command ship,” Captain Bezteen stated.

Moff Curnan’s flagship, the Crusher, had found a way behind the command ship’s line of sight. “Let’s have some rockets to fire into that shipyard’s hull,” he yelled. The loyal imperials soon came. Two hundred TIE Avengers and Defenders exited hyperspace.

“Let’s take out that command ship,” Ross yelled. The only other TIE Defenders flew with him as Ross fired all but two ion burst missiles into the eleven mile long ship. The rest of the TIE Avengers backed off as they saw the paralyzing capability of the ion burst missile.

Commodore Ross knew that only a few other fighters carried the awesome new warheads. With the command ship disabled, Ross decided to attack the nearest of five manufacturing plants. “Revenger squad. You’re cleared to attack Manufacturing Plant Z-99,” Ross clicked over the comlink. Revenger squad’s leader acknowledged. The first hit on the station started something unexpected. It began to take on an ionizing effect as the warheads passed by the shields without contest and hit home.

“What the heck,” Revenger squad’s leader said as the plant began to explode in a prismatic display of subatomic particles.

“Just wait until Intel gets a look at that,” one of the TIE Defender pilots stated.

“I don’t think they’ll get a chance to,” Ross said, “the radiation is intense. It’s damaging our shields. All fighters return to the fleet.”

Moff Curnan’s Crusher found its way into the radiation. “We’ll be the first to analyze this

mess,” Curnan smiled proudly. To his dismay several of Raveen’s shipyards saw him as their priority target. “Get us out of here,” he yelled, slamming the console in anger.

The eleven mile hull of the Revenger exited hyperspace. “We’re taking radiation damage, sir,” another of the myriad pit officers stated.

“Target the nearest shipyards and charge our ion cannons,” Scheer commanded.

After all of the shipyards ended their futile defense, the first of Revenger’s assault transports began to strip them of valuable information. Moff Tirkan had his ship attached to the giant shipyard that created the command ship. His troops were clearing out the space station.

“Our stormtroopers have just cleared out the last shipyard,” came General Corvus said over his comlink channel. “The first naval troopers just reported in. They’ve taken out all resistance. At least what resistance there was.”

“Excellent. Have you found Commander Raveen?” Grand Admiral Scheer asked.

Interference from the nebula made the reply hazy, “No. -aven’t found him. -still looking for him. -let you know when we finally do.”

Commander Raveen left the environmental duct of the disabled command ship. No one had yet recognized his shuttle and he had free reign of most of the lower decks of the massive ship. He had just acquired a blaster rifle from a weapons locker when the repair crews and technicians came to repair the ship. Several gray techs walked by as he turned the corner, they could not have seen him.

“Just great,” he said to himself. He saw the two stormtroopers standing guard over the door that would grant him freedom. Setting the rifle to kill, he lifted the gun and aimed. Two shots burst out, wildly missing the now shocked troopers.

“XR9890 to Omega 10. We’ve got a live one,” the lead trooper spoke into his comlink.

“This is Omega 10. We copy XR9890. Sending reinforcements.”

“Get him,” the lead trooper yelled out, his helmet making a hard effort of alerting anyone. Blue stun shots hit the wall where Raveen just was.

He’s a lousy shot, XR9890 thought, he should have had us. That’s exactly what Raveen thought as he tripped and fell, straining his ankle.

“He’s down this way,” the other trooper saw the darkened corridor, one that wasn’t yet lit up by the technicians. The second trooper flicked on a glowrod, hoping against hope that it would provide more help than danger. The lead activated an invaluable piece of equipment, light amplification goggles.

The lead saw the green flash race towards them. Then his partner dodged it, trying to miss the blaster bolt. It sizzled the second trooper’s white armor before drilling into the black bodysuit and flesh underneath. I should have recognized that as a blaster bolt, the lead thought and shot a pulse burst.

Raveen ran further down the hall, hoping that he wasn’t boxed in yet. The trooper closed in and fired. Raveen was hit, fired, and then struck the stormtrooper in the head, knocking the white helmet off to reveal a seasoned veteran face. He knew that there wasn’t much more time before he need to get out of here.

Naval Trooper group Omega 7 rushed to block off the cargo bay where several cargo ships waited. Commander Raveen pushed along, shadowing the boots that clanked overhead. “Ah, a cargo bay,” he was overjoyed.

Too suddenly a stun grenade exploded nearby, sending Raveen down with a busted eardrum. The rifle clanked to the ground as helmeted naval troopers shot several stun bolts into the semiconscious traitor.

“Tell us what other facilities you’ve constructed, commander, and this will all end immediately,” Grand Admiral Scheer said above the noise of the torture droid. “I want to

know how you built that command ship.”

“The Dominator? I don’t know,” Raveen screamed.

“I don’t believe you,” Scheer said.

“Zaarin?ahhhhhh, Zaarin sent everything here, the?ahhhhhhh starfighter plants and every?,” Raveen collapsed as a drill pierced his skin.

“You may deactivate yourself,” Scheer said to the hideous droid. “I’m sorry I had to resort to that,” he said to himself. “Raveen just wouldn’t cooperate.” The gray-uniformed officer slipped out of consciousness as the dark-gray uniforms of naval troopers carried him away. Captain Bezteen watched the entire ordeal and hated every second of it.

“I truly believe he knows nothing,” Bezteen said to the grand admiral when there were in complete privacy.

“But where did Zaarin get the resources to build that ship? An operation this enormous requires planets to stripmine and pollute. I want to know where he got the supplies,” Scheer said.

“We find the Glory and we’ll find the answers to those questions.”

The white officer paused. “I believe the Glory will come to us. They will come to check the progress on their project. And when they do, the Dominator will be ready for him.”

The Glory arrived predictably. Using a rigged communication console Grand Admiral was made to sound and look like Commander Raveen. “The Dominator was finished last week. I’ve made every effort to furnish it with your personal items.”

“You are a great officer Raveen,” Zaarin acknowledged. “But you are taking the Dominator to guard our mining operations. If the Empire discovers them they’ll use every last microgram of the precious ore. The Glory will guard the shipyards until I can free some Muurian transports to do the job.”

“I’m preparing for the coordinates, grand admiral,” the faked Raveen said.

“Transmitting them now. And remember, keep that ship from falling under enemy control. Good luck, commander.”

“You too sir,” the channel disconnected.

“What’s the plan sir,” Bezteen asked.

“Guess,” Scheer answered.

“After you reach the coordinates and we take over the mines, we’ll send in the Revenger and destroy the Glory.”

“Something to that effect. Vengeance and most of the star destroyers will reinforce the Dominator. Zaarin won’t be able to regain his shipyards or mines. Send a message to Revenger. They need to get here in one hour,” Scheer stated rather thoughtfully.

A shuttle burst out of the shipyard’s hangar. The communication system on the Glory ignited with the personal identification of Commander Raveen. “I just escaped from them. They have control of everything. Get out of here now.” Zaarin was nearly in a rage when the Revenger exited hyperspace. “I wasn’t planning on staying very long anyway,” he said mournfully as the huge vessel began charging its gravity well generators. “Who put gravity wells on that thing?” Zaarin questioned.

“Sir. We’ve recovered Commander Raveen,” one of his young ensigns stated.

“They have my super star destroyer!!” Zaarin boomed. The Revenger was unable to react quick enough. The white lines of hyperspace engulfed the Glory. Grand Admiral Scheer would have Raveen and Zaarin next time.

“Elements of Darth Vader’s personal fleet are on their way. You are to hold that system until they arrive,” Admiral Pielt stated.

“I am the first Imperial to explore this system. That gives me the right to name it,” Grand

Admiral Scheer said.

“That it does sir,” Piett said. “What do you want it to go on record as?”

“The Brukhay system.”

“Interesting. I’ll have my navigator make note of it. The exploratory branch will also get word. Lord Vader sends his regards.”

“Speaking of the Dark Lord, where is he?”

“On Coruscant. He’s taking care of some business with the Emperor. The Audacity will take him to Endor. Great work sir,” Piett stated.

Admiral Piett was Scheer’s acquaintance in the early days. Scheer used to command a Victory-class star destroyer. It was part of the fleet that attacked the icy ball of Hoth. That battle earned him the rank of Fleet Admiral and responsibility of an entire fleet.

Later earning the coveted Emperor’s Will medal (a medal which a handful of officers even had had sight of) for a rescue of the Emperor, Fleet Admiral Scheer became an overnight legend. His old friend Commodore Ross also received this rare award. Two others, instrumental in the rescue, also received one.

The admiral’s fleet was then used to track down the traitors Harkov and Zaarin. Now Scheer was a Grand Admiral in charge of a small fleet, but at least it now consisted of two command ships. Emperor Palpatine allowed him to keep the ship. All he needed now was a crew. Personally selecting a crew for a multihundred thousand person ship was impossible. His choices for its command were suggested by a computer.

For the first time in his life, the grand admiral was utterly undecided. He turned to Grand Admiral Thrawn and his psychology datacards and selected a captain that would prove beneficial in any battles against the species of the Rebellion. After finding the only match to the qualities he desired, Grand Admiral made the holonet call to a certain Admiral Teiss, currently waiting assignment on the planet Averam.

Commodore Ross was also promoted to the rank of marshal for his service to the fighter corp. Now the grand admiral had a rarity: two fully staffed and armed command ships under his immediate command. The next week all the necessary crew and technicians entered the system to staff and repair the giant battleship Dominator.

The Emperor’s solution to this sudden change in fate was to give quick promotions to all of the officers who had served the Empire well, except maybe Vice Admiral Kitara. The Revenger fleet’s remote location near the Unknown Regions allowed a woman little fame and even less opportunity to finally test her battle skills. The Brukhay system was bothering Kitara and she finally submitted a request to join the next group to track down Zaarin.

After Zaarin and a pirate named Tarrak had both acquired the TIE Defender, Grand Admiral Scheer gladly allowed her to do so and even gave her temporary command of a fleet of two Victory star destroyers, an interdicator, and three modified frigates. The fleet was to find Zaarin’s resource centers and acquire them for the Empire. Vengeance oriented towards Zaarin’s last known coordinates. Scheer had calculated Zaarin’s jump and exactly how he’d handle the manhunt directed against him. Scheer personally commanded one of the Victory star destroyers but allowed Kitara to personally suggest tactics without any fear of questioning his decisions. Scheer would beat Thrawn to the traitor.

Several reconnaissance fighters scouted the area ahead of them and detected several readings inside a nebulous patch of space. The strike group would have been there immediately, but one of Zaarin’s interdicators had something else to say about it. A squad of TIE Defenders destroyed the precious scoutships while a fleet of Muurian transports appeared, fully ready to attack Kitara’s fleet.

“Launching fighters,” Kitara had a comline to the grand admiral open. “Suggest you do likewise.”

“Yes vice admiral,” the grand admiral was half-heartedly listening to her. “I’ve also found something of interest. The Yrabrab pirates have joined Zaarin.

“How did you know that?” Kitara inquired.

“Those Muurian transports and their ID signals give it all away,” Scheer smiled. “Besides, Marshal Ross just did a flyby of their interdicator. You don’t see an interdicator under pirate control. End communication,” he signalled to the bridge officer.

“Battle stations,” Kitara yelled. “We’ve got to get this ship moving. Ramming speed!”

Similarly on the Victory star destroyer Grand Admiral Scheer ordered that the engines be engaged to maximum thrust. Its starfighters launched, the smaller star destroyer also began attacking the transports. “So he deigns to blow me up with freighters does he?” Scheer saw the potential danger. The enemy ships began firing torpedoes and rockets at the ship. Marshal Ross lead the fighters in a missile boat against the interdicator.

“I have firing solutions on nine-tenths of our countermeasure warheads. We’ll just have to let the rest hit us,” the lieutenant in charge of defensive systems bemoaned.

“Evasive maneuvers,” Scheer yelled as the first rocket smacked the fore shields. The act served to throw the guidance of most of the missiles, but the rest took their toll. The star destroyer’s shields were ready to buckle.

“Get us in there, Mr. Ausa,” Vice Admiral Kitara said to her lieutenant.

“We have problems of our own,” he stated bluntly. “We’re at forty-two percent shields and falling rapidly.” Vengeance herself was punishing the treacherous interdicator.

“The grand admiral’s doing worse. We save him first,” Kitara commanded.

A message appeared on Vengeance’s and the Victory destroyer’s boards. Grand Admiral Thrawn had just engaged Yrabrab forces. One torpedo hit the Victory destroyer, melting the metal armor and venting precious oxygen. A stray laser blast ignited the gas and it briefly flared.

“We’re losing hull integrity,” the officer shouted.

“Get me missiles to fire on those transports. And call in the fighters to help,” Scheer said above the noise of the alerts and postings.

“Engines have taken damage. Hyperdrive is momentarily offline,” a lieutenant commander said and fell dead, losing blood to a large laceration from a falling piece of isoplastic.

“Marshal Ross here to cover you sir,” Missile Boat Tau One said. Two rockets exited the fighter’s warhead launcher and hit two transports.

“We’re barely hanging on. Hull integrity at twenty percent and falling quickly,” another lieutenant refilled the places of four dead officers.

“It’s not worth it lieutenant. Do you know how to fly a shuttle?” The Grand Admiral asked.

Ross fired another rocket, but even with his Dark Jedi powers he could only do so much to stop the transports from attacking the shieldless Victory destroyer. “Oh my gawd, the ship’s gone.” Ross yelled into his comline.

“Nope, just transfered the flag to this lovely little shuttle,” Scheer’s confident voice replied.

“I do say you deserve a promotion lieutenant.”

The marshal’s missile boat flew into perfect escort position to the shuttle. Vengeance finally had the interdicator’s shields down and was firing ion blasts into the ship’s critical systems. The fighters were engaged in a messy dogfight with the only void where the Victory had blown to fragments. The shuttle and missile boat both entered Vengeance’s hangar bay.

“You shouldn’t be needing me,” Ross said, “I’m out to join the fray again.”

“Good luck, old friend,” Scheer said.

“Good luck to you too, sir,” Ross replied.

Suprisingly for all the chaos and hesitancy for the Imperial fighters to engage the pirates they suffered least of all. Two rescue shuttles had launched from Vengeance and were

retrieving the handful of pilots who had all survived their ejections from the damaged ships. Not one pilot was killed, but all of their fighters were irrecoverable. One pilot saw his salvation in the form of a jet black missile boat firing a hot concussion missile into a pirate T-wing.

“We’ve disabled the interdicator and the Grand Admiral is on board,” AUSA said.

“Why didn’t you tell me?” Kitara asked.

“I didn’t know until just now. He should be to the bridge very soon.”

“We just destroyed three quarters of their transports sir,” Ensign Mrl yelled from his station. The pirate fleet is fleeing.”

“No time to cheer. We nearly lost the Grand Admiral,” Kitara turned around to see him walk in the room.

“Don’t fear for me,” Scheer said. “Fear for the enemies of the Empire.”

“Suggestions about the pirate fleet?” Kitara asked her superior officer.

“Let them go. It looks like we’ll scrap the mission,” the grand admiral said.

The grand admiral’s news did not go well with Kitara. “Let me continue the pursuit,” she said.

“I need to call this entire thing off. Thrawn will take care of Zaarin. I have manufacturing facilities to get up and running. I should never have thought of going on this little ranat hunt. I’m sorry you didn’t get your battle.” Scheer paused, “Revenger’s here to retrieve me. You are free to help Thrawn in whatever way you desire, but I’m heading back to the Brukhay system.”

“I’ll come with you,” Kitara said and then ordered Ensign Mrl to match course with the super star destroyer.

By this time Zaarin had stolen several TIE Defenders and was now poised to accomplish his next objective. Commander Raveen did not join the meeting the traitor had with his officers. “Intelligence has just ‘acquired’ word of a missile boat convoy heading through this system,” Zaarin pointed to the briefing map. “I want that convoy intercepted and commandeered.”

“What about Commander Raveen,” one of Zaarin’s able commanders asked.

“Raveen is fine. In fact he’ll be supporting us in our Vorknkx operation,” the former grand admiral smiled. “We have the Empire by their head now.”

Although she had a crew and had most of her weapons and systems installed, Scheer decided to further modify Dominator into a ship fully capable of ship manufacture if needed. The ship was to assemble entire cruiser size ships and everything smaller. Dominator would be Grand Admiral Scheer’s newest experiment, a ship capable of command, becoming a “shipyard in a pinch,” and sustained battle. The ship’s shields and hull remained at the same magnitude, but multiple backup shield generators and projectors, along with many more weapons than usual, turned the ship into a rarity. Theoretically the ship could stay in a battle longer than even the Revenger with her modifications, and be capable of destroying more enemies.

Admiral Teiss had spent more time on the great ship, more than any other person of the battle-hardened crew, but he still stood in amazement at the ship’s immense size and power. Much of the crew had spent their entire careers training almost unerringly to serve on a ship like this. When they were first exposed to the eleven mile command ship, however, many had mixed feelings. Although these feelings did not include fear of defeat, they did include feelings of immense worthlessness. Admiral Teiss did everything in his power to quell these feelings and he finally did about two weeks later.

When the repairs and enhancements were finally complete, the huge ship had the honor of forming up with her sister ship and together they jumped to the coordinates of a little known system called Endor view a surprise the Emperor called “as rare as a Bothan utilitarian.”

Grand Admiral Scheer did not know the reason for this statement and why the comparison used a Bothan, but he understood fully when the incomplete battlestation came into view. "A Death Star," Ensign Wildsa, who handled minor ship operations, exclaimed.

"That it is," Captain Bezteen affirmed.

"The station's commander, Moff Jerjerrod, is personally requesting your presence," Ensign Hytr at the communications stations said to the grand admiral. "He also wants to meet Marshal Ross."

"Inform him that I am immediately ready to join him. Take the ship into formation with the rest of the starfleet," Scheer said.

"I can feel Lord Vader's presence," Ross stated when they were temporarily alone while going to the nearest shuttle. "It is stronger than I have ever felt it before."

"Their communications officer is asking you to join Moff Jerjerrod on the Death Star," Colonel Cyrax stated. "A shuttle carrying the grand admiral has just left Revenger's hangar."

"I will join them. Although they probably want me there for a political lesson showing how women and aliens don't belong in the starfleet," she said without enmity. "I'll go," she repeated. She awoke from her blind stare, "Captain Nesdin, you have command of the Vengeance until I return."

"Yes ma'am," Nesdin politely said. "And admiral, if I may say? You are an invaluable part of this fleet and I am proud to serve under you."

Kitara might have slapped him because of her current condition, but she did not. "Thank you for your confidence. Just don't forget me when you surpass me in rank."

"I have a feeling I'll never even be your equal," Nesdin said. "Goodbye, ma'am, you might as well be leaving now. The shuttle's ready to leave."

"We are honored by your presence Admiral Kitara," Moff Jerjerrod said. The others seated at the table rose before the female admiral took her seat.

"You may dispense with the pleasantries," Grand Admiral Scheer said. "We are here for business as much as anything else."

"Sorry. I merely wanted to greet a high-ranking officer in the Imperial navy," the station's commander said.

"You merely wanted to be sarcastic to her," Scheer retorted, "you want to make her feel out of place and I won't have it while I am here."

"Forgive me, Admiral Kitara," the moff said.

"I didn't come here to make you apologize for everything every former commander has done to me. I came here to enjoy myself," Kitara answered.

"Admiral Kitara is a fine officer. But she does need some work on her social skills," Scheer came outright and lightly chastised her belligerent attitude.

"Shall we eat and then explain the situation or the other way around," Moff Jerjerrod asked.

"Tell us now," a fleet admiral from the other side of the table answered.

"Right. For the past months my spies have been spread thin like the rest of the Empire's on finding the locations of Zaarin's vast resources. I have been informed that one of Zaarin's refinery facilities is near the Nurtylis system. Admiral Scheer, you and Admiral Metcath will be assigned to breaking into this facility and extracting valuable information on where the rest of Zaarin is getting his resources," Moff Jerjerrod motioned to Grand Admiral Scheer and the fleet admiral.

"Fleet Admiral Metcath is on his way back to Coruscant, but I've talked him into providing you support with elements of the 133rd fleet. From what my spies gather you're going to need all the support you can get. Who's your best ground assault specialist?"

"Probably Marshal Ross," Scheer answered. "He's my squadron commander, but he knows a

lot about ground tactics.”

“Good,” the Dark Lord of the Sith entered the room and joined the conversation. “He is one most capable for completing the mission. He is a Dark Jedi.”

“My lord,” everyone in the room repeated and gave the proper bow.

“I am here for a short period of time,” Lord Vader explained.

“Lord Vader is on special assignment. He is commanding the Garrett,” Moff Jerjerrod stated. Darth Vader’s deathmask and the mechanical breathing nevertheless signaled that what the station’s commander had said was true. The Sith lord turned and left the room.

“That was an interesting experience,” Admiral Metcath said in retrospect.

“It certainly was,” Grand Admiral Scheer replied. “I think that the Garrett is going to find that freighter that was raided. What was it called? Supernova?”

“I have no idea,” Metcath answered.

“It doesn’t matter. What matters is that Admiral Teiss is standing by with a fleet to attack Zaarin’s other facilities,” Scheer spoke to both Metcath and Kitara.

“Admiral Kitara, join with Dominator, Reprisal, Vindicator, and Restrictor. You will attack the first facility Marshall Ross finds information about. Admiral Metcath, you and your 133rd fleet will attack the next one. I will take Revenger, Mauler, Repulse, Conqueror, and Preventer to the Nurtylis system. Conqueror, Violent, Terror, Penetrator, and Detainer will handle any others. Penetrator, Warhammer, Wolverine, and Mirage will remain at the Brukhay shipyards. Questions?”

“We may need a little more firepower. Where can we get more? Vader’s fighting the Rebels right now, and a large portion of the starfleet’s guarding the Death Star,” Metcath said.

“I know just the persons to ask,” Scheer replied.

“You can afford to help us for awhile,” Scheer said, “you don’t even have to lead the attacks. You’ll be there as reinforcements.”

“Fine. But don’t let that sniffing weasal Moff Tirkan get near me,” Moff Curnan sneered.

“I assure you he won’t,” Scheer said and cut the communication. “I’m glad I have Moff Tirkan managing the transportation system between Erewos and Brukhay. Curnan is nuts.”

Imperial Navy Pilot Record

Personal Background Information
(Imperial Security Bureau)

Name: Timbo Cool Breeze (Pilot generally goes by his middle name Cool, the name given by his father)

Occupation: Fighter Pilot (generally of Missile Boats and Tie Defenders)

Scandoc Transmission Code (Callsign): Breeze

Current Assignment: ISS Sovereign, Koph-3-3/Wing VI

Sex: Male

Age: 26 years (Imperial standard)

Planet of Birth : Omman, and Imperial- aligned planet

Marital Status : single, never married, once engaged

Family : Father- Shon Breeze, 75 years (Imp. standard), retired from working all his life as a pilot in the Omman Public Shuttle Service NOTE: Shon Breeze is his legal father; Timbo had been put up for adoption. Shon added the names 'Cool Breeze' upon adopting

Timbo Mother : unknown, see above no brothers or sisters that are known

Social Status : Pilot Breeze had a comfortable living growing up due to the above- average wages earned by his father, who flew as a pilot in the OPSS for 40 years (Imp. Std.) The Navy now provides and Breeze appears to be satisfied with the current pilot's wages and benefits. 1/3 of SL Breeze's wages are sent to his father on Omman regularly.

Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: Interviews performed during standard Imperial Naval Academy entrance screenings suggest that the relationship between Cool and his father was a healthy, positive one. The long days his father worked did not appear to have cost Cool in terms of education and emotional bonding. All indications point to his father being a strict parent to Cool, and this probably helped later when Cool attempted military service. As a youth, Cool respected his father greatly, and wished to become a shuttle pilot like his father. After graduation from secondary school, he seemed prepared to follow in his father's footsteps until he met Wanni Osta, a young lady who was a fellow student at the Omanni Technical Education Centre where Cool was studying to earn a general shuttle pilot's license. Shon had taught Cool much about piloting; as a result he was able to skip several courses and earn the license in 3 years instead of the usual four. During this time, however, Cool and Wanni began a friendship that progressed into a deeper relationship. After graduation, Wanni became an engineer specializing in shielding for orbital space stations and spacelab facilities. They decided to be bonded(married) after Wanni returned from a job on an Imperial Spacelab facility. Her company had been contracted by the Imperial Navy to assist in overhauling the shield generators. While she was stationed on the Spacelab a flight of Rebel Ywings, after probably receiving information of the Spacelab's shields being down, attacked out of hyperspace with a large number of space bombs. The Spacelab was running with a minimal crew(due to an upcoming refit), and it was lightly defended. It was totally destroyed by the Rebel outlaws. There were no survivors. After this event, Cool abruptly quit his pilot's job(of which he had not yet worked a whole year) and Applied for service in the Imperial Navy. Imperial psychiatric experts who participated in the Naval Academy entrance screenings believed that his desires for revenge and hatred for the Rebels could be put to excellent use if it they can be moderated and controlled. As of this update, SL Breeze has been a fine pilot for the Empire. He shows no decrease in morale for his job as fighter pilot. He has managed to stay alive for 6 years fighting in engagements in which the Imp forces were outnumbered many times. He is sometimes subject to periods of loneliness, at which time he consumes scotch or talks to his fellow pilots. The unfortunate tragedy with his fiancée appears to have made him wary of starting any sort of deeper relationship with women; he appears to be 'married to his job'. He has a strong friendship with a handful of Koph pilots, including Pilot Aragorn. Upon hearing of his son's decision to join the honorable struggle against the Rebel traitors, his father did not approve. However, after a meeting with an officer of the Imperial office of public relations, he has since changed his mind; this was a wise decision for both him and his son.

Alignment and Attitude : Pilot Breeze is a loyal servant of the Emperor. He knows and understands that deadly force may be needed against any individuals who dare question or oppose the Emperor, and he has personally applied that

force many times. He has seen first hand and personally enjoyed the pleasures of a world stable under the Empire's strong guidance.
Hobbies: When on leave on Omann he is fond of racing land speeders, and he sometimes wagers money on the races.
Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer: He does not appear to like downtime too much, and the EH is one of the most active segments of the Imperial Navy, He also knows some of the EH pilots from the Imperial Naval Academy, when he was a recruit there. He seems to prefer winged fighters, such as the Missile Boat and Assault Gunboat.

I hereby confirm that the above information is legitimate and accurate to the best of my knowledge.

Imperial Navy Pilot Record

Personal Background Information
(Imperial Security Bureau)

Name: Adam Smasher
Position/Rank: Slt /Vortex/3-3/ISD GreyWolf
Scandoc Transmission Code (Callsign): Smash
Sex (M/F): M
Race: Clone (Humanoid)
Date of Birth: Earth Year and Month 1998/April
Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): MC-120 DarkStar, FlagShip of the Intruder Wing Strike Fleet
Marital Status (Single, Married, Divorced, Separated): None
Family: All deceased (the biological entities who donated their DNA to create me
Social Status (Destitute, Poor, Well-to-do, Wealthy, Nobility): Rich, embezzled over 2,000,000 credits upon departure from the Intruder Wing Strike Fleet
Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: Significant Events of Adulthood: Created in a secret lab onboard the MC-120 DarkStar from DNA recovered from Lcdr Stidog, KIA training accident
Alignment & Attitude:Former Occupations (if any): Used to be a Human
Hobbies:Tragedies: Lcdr Stidog's Death and my rebirth
Phobias & Allergies: None a perfect Humanoid replica
Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): Smasher was a disillusioned clone created in a secret lab onboard the MC-120 DarkStar, by a team of scientists Commissioned by General FarDreamer. He has always been bred to serve the Empire, but hate the Hammer. Upon journeying throughout the universe, he discovered the errors of his ways, and has since joined the right side of Imperial Might.
Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: To fly and make the galaxy once again safe for all LOYAL Imperial citizens.
Other comments or information (optional): Full Biography to come. It may contain information unsuitable for young children and personnel with objectionable loyalties, as it contains many references to enemy clubs. It is strongly recommended that only those with strong stomachs attempt to digest the information.

I hereby confirm that the above information is legitimate and accurate to the best of my knowledge. Signature: Adam Smasher, Vortex, signed in BLOOD
Date: 04 December 1998

Imperial Navy Pilot Record

Personal Background information
(Imperial Security Bureau)

Name: Escalante Gallows

Rank: Major

Scandoc Transmission Code (Screen Name): Gallows

Sex (M/F): Male

Race: Human

Date of Birth: Unknown, records N/A; subject has no details; not yet middle-aged, seemingly

Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): City/settlement: Unknown; Planet: Tyrannus (Dar'Telis I)

Marital Status (Single, Married, Divorced, Separated): Married (Subject uncommunicative on this topic, other than few details in narrative below; ISB retains moderate reservations about this subject because of his uncooperative attitude on certain matters)

Family: Four children (Same, see Marital Status note)

Social Status (Destitute, Poor, Well-to-do, Wealthy, Nobility): Harsh upbringing in lawless Tyrannian society; apparently Tyrannian middle-class status -- father is a trader who has

survived and thrived for decades in the tumultuous economic climate of the barbaric culture

Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: During a smuggler freighter run from Dar'Telis to the Lyccosian system, Rebellion Y-wings attacked the Tyrannian convoy. Young Escalante, accompanying his father on this black-market trip, suffered permanent eye damage and vision impairment from the direct impact of ion cannon blasts into the freighter's passenger compartment. Crude medical treatments and a primitive artificial optical implant failed to restore Escalante's keen eyesight. ISB background interviews with his parents indicate that although he continued to receive the benefits of strong parental economic and emotional support, Escalante was psychologically scarred by his injuries and largely withdrew from normal adolescent involvements.

Significant Events of Adulthood: After years of withdrawal and isolation, Escalante finally received news from his parents that they had secured the services of Tyrannian Mechanoid technologists who had developed advanced optical implants for use on droids and sentry animals. In a radical and desperate move, the parents were providing their son with the chance of restored eyesight with the risky, unproven implants. The operation was a success, with Escalante's sight restored, and even improved to inhuman, unheard-of scope and effectiveness. Gallows' parents were horrified, however, when the 19-year-old Escalante was reported to have tracked down and slain the Tyrannian technologist/surgeon -- screaming, according to witnesses at the spaceport, that the physician must die due to his close, clandestine ties to Rebellion droid development and research. Gallows, who had spent many of his years of isolation in flight simulators maintained by the smuggler starpilot corps, left Tyrannus for good shortly after the slaying, piloting a stolen escort

shuttle. After arriving in Imperial space, following several years working with Minos Cluster smugglers, he eventually parlayed his obvious piloting skills into a career in the TIE Corps.

Alignment & Attitude: Unquestionably loyal to the Emperor's Hammer and his commanding officers and is completely committed to the goals of the TIE Corps and the Strike Fleet. This subject's personality is best described as fierce and cold, even brutal. He occasionally has questioned the results of certain activities in the higher ranks but he never has risen to the level of insubordination. His energies are driven in the direction of deep strike operations against the Rebellion.

Former Occupations (if any): Flew escort duty, piloting black-market TIEs and after-market Z-95 Headhunters in Minos Cluster smuggler shipping corps. Starfighter pilot in Karanan

civil wars.

Hobbies: Home brewing, Bothan ales and Corellian brandies

Tragedies: In addition to his childhood optical disfigurement and his subsequent hatred of all things to do with the Rebellion, Gallows also appears to

harbor deep-seated melancholy regarding his family. He refuses to divulge details. He apparently was married during the tumultuous years of the Karanan civil wars and fathered several children. Paymasters on the SSSD Sovereign report he dispatches most of his salary to an unspecified micropayment destination in the Karana system each, then routinely heads to the Sov cantina for hours of binging. (ISB retains reservations about this subject; see above passages also)

Phobias & Allergies: Extremely claustrophobic while in TIE Defender cockpit when craft is in ship's hangar bay; phobia dissipates once T/D enters vacuum.

Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): Despite checkered origins and pre-Imperial experience, Gallows is one of the Empire's most loyal subjects and fighting men. He frequently expresses his devotion to the Emperor's Hammer and his fellow TIE Corps officers, and his willingness to sacrifice his life for his squadron, the EH and the Grand Admiral.

Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: Employ starfighter piloting skills in the avenging prosecution of Imperial justice upon Rebels and any other enemies of the Empire and the EH, the finest fighting force in the galaxy. Abject surrender to the glorious compulsions of the Dark Side.

Other comments or information (optional): (ISB addendum: Gallows' reported binge drinking in the Sov cantina on paydays was investigated, with the following report recorded: Subject does tend to consume large quantities of ale and brandy on these occasions; however, no incidents of hangover symptoms, sick calls, etc., have been registered, and flight sim records show his laser accuracy percentages are even higher than usual on next-day training sessions. Dark Brotherhood attache to ISB investigator on this case reported having detected Force sensitivity in the subject, which may account for these unusual circumstances.)

I hereby confirm that the above information is legitimate and accurate to the best of my knowledge.

Signature: Major Escalante Gallows

Date: 12-4-98

Imperial Navy Pilot Record

Personal Background Information

(Imperial Security Bureau)

Name: Robert Sanoka

Position/Rank:FM/SL

Scandoc Transmission Code (Callsign):FM/SL Dark Lord

Sex (M/F):M

Race:Corillian

Date of Birth: December 3 2003 Imperial Standard Date.

Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld):Funmuto Straight, Corrilia.

Marital Status (Single, Married, Divorced, Separated): Single

Family:Father, Frank Sanoka, killed by wild Rancor. Mother died at childbirth. Only child.

Social Status (Destitute, Poor, Well-to-do, Wealthy, Nobility): Well-to-do, for now.

Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: Discovered had force. Discovered my father didn't like it so never told me I was force-born.After father died raised by the Empire.

Significant Events of Adulthood: Found my friends planned on joining the Rebellion even though most of them had been raised by the Empire. Secretly took them to a lava pit one by one. Using the force dangled them over the lava pit until they told me why they wanted to join the rebellion then let them drop like the insignificant people they were.

Alignment & Attitude: Imperial. ALL traitors and Rebels should be shot and just a joke about joining the Rebellion should be against the law.

Former Occupations (if any): Raised by Empire. No other thing except military was possible.

Hobbies: The only hobby I delight in is the painful torture of rebels and traitors.

Tragedies: Got in a bout with a rancor. All fortunately was a scar on my left cheek.

Phobias & Allergies: I only have an allergy to rebels. Which causes me to have an itchy trigger finger and shoot them on sight.

Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): Expansion is good. Rebels are bad.

Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: Heard it was the best Imperial organization and just joined the Tie Corp.

Other comments or information (optional):

I hereby confirm that the above information is legitimate and accurate to the best of my knowledge.

Signature: FM/SL Dark Lord/ Samekh 3-2/ Wing V/SSSD Sovereign

Date: December 5th 1998

Imperial Navy Pilot Record

Personal Background Information

(Imperial Security Bureau)

Name: Flelm Her'kon'k

Position/Rank: FL/LT of LAMBDA Squadron

Scandoc Transmission Code (Callsign): flelm@yahoo.com

Sex (M/F): M

Race: Human

Date of Birth: 8/15/84

Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): Tatooine

Marital Status (Single, Married, Divorced, Separated): Single

Family: Mother, Father, Brother

Social Status (Destitute, Poor, Well-to-do, Wealthy, Nobility): Poor

Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: Well, the most important thing in my adolescence would be the everlasting support and love of my mother. Oops, I forgot sarcasm doesn't carry over in Scandocs. Well, suffice to say that my mother supported and loved me, sure, but also made fun of me every chance she could get. In school, I was semi-socially inadequate, on the fringes of most cliques. The other important thing had to be, however, when I first saw the stormtroopers' shiny armor, and the TIE Fighters streaming overhead.

Significant Events of Adulthood: "Join the Army, See the Galaxy." Yeah, right. When I signed up to be a AT-AT Walker pilot, they had too many applicants, not just for that, but for all soldiering jobs. So, instead of actually having us do things, they quickly bored us into the dull tedium of daily chores. I quickly got fed up with this, however, and, after realizing that my true calling might be as a fighter pilot, I requested and received a transfer to the Academy, where they taught me everything I know. Then, I completed Academy and immediately went into Lambda Squadron, where I met my current Commander, the courageous and friendly Dharmy. However, I got my first promotion soon after, for my FL was reported AWOL, and dealt with harshly. Imagine me, a green Missile Boat Pilot, leading

a flight into battle. That was a scary first week or two. That brings us up into current times.

Alignment & Attitude: Sarcastic, but goofy.

Former Occupations (if any): AT-AT Walker pilot trainee

Hobbies: The occasional game on the Holonet, and, of course, the Flight Simulator.

Tragedies: None, really, it's been a relatively happy life.

Phobias & Allergies: Allergic to grasses, and hateful towards Ewoks, although I don't know why.

Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): The Empire, the mighty power that is it. The Empire is the ultimate power in the galaxy, and everyone must uphold it.

Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: Better food and treatment than the Army :)

Signature: FL/LT Flelm/LAMBDA 3-1/Wing I/SSSD Sov

Date: 11/30/98 Imperial Standard

29/11/98

Thoughts on successful squadron management by Squadron Commander Maverick
(tapbooks@netc.net.au)

Greetings fellow squadron commanders of the Emperor's Hammer. I have written this piece to help you command your squadron. It is based on the methods I implemented when I first took the drivers seat of a squadron. It worked wonders for me, whether or not it will work for you is an entirely different matter. Please read it, and I do hope that my thoughts on successful squadron management assist you.

Commanding a squadron is one of the most and difficult and demanding duties a member of the Emperor's Hammer can undertake. A squadron commander is responsible for an entire squadron of pilots, these pilots being the very backbone of the Fleet. And without them, there would be no Fleet. It is the duty of every squadron commander to ensure that these members are active and productive. The squadron commander must also instruct new recruits, who are often dazed and confused after their posting, how to operate in the Emperor's Hammer. A well constructed and well maintained squadron homepage also falls into the lap of a squadron commander. But the job of commanding a squadron need not always be an arduous task. There are many ways in which you can increase squadron activity and productivity, while also taking some of the workload off yourself. And you will also find it easier to have fun while you're at it.

Once you take command of a squadron, it is your responsibility to take control the situation immediatly. This means an AWOL check, and this process may loose you many pilots, depending on how the previous commander left things. If done correctly, however, it should not result in the departing of many pilots. Your AWOL check email should not be a short, one sentence email consisting of: "This is an AWOL check, report in or you're out." This is the biggest mistake many commanders will make. You cannot present yourself as a strict, cold hearted commanding officer. You must show a little personality, be helpful and explain how you plan to run the squadron. Ask for ideas, tell them about the new and exciting ways you have to improve the squadron, and most of all, make sure they know they are needed. Make sure they know that you need them as their commander. Tell them that the success of the squadron rests on their shoulders. Only then can you expect any replies to an AWOL check. You would be suprised at how much influence you can exert on your pilots. The same

applies to the introduction email which you send to new recruits. The message must be optimistic, helpful and provide an overview of how the squadron is managed.

So, you've sent the AWOL check. Many commanders believe this is the time to sit back and wait for the action to start. This is entirely the wrong direction to take, and will almost certainly lead to the departing of more pilots. You, as the commanding officer of a squadron, must take the first steps in encouraging activity. Even before anyone has reported in for the AWOL check, you should have sent out at least another email, perhaps discussing an idea you have for the squadron, the latest Star Wars news, or the current Fleet events. Ask them what talents they have, be it graphics or fiction, playing battles or making battles. A great way to keep squadron activity on the rise is by making pilots address emails to every member of the squadron. This is an excellent way to improve discussions, and ultimately activity, because everyone feels like part of a group. Try anything you can think of that might grab the attention of a few of the pilots.

Some will report in, eager to participate. Others, not so eagerly, perhaps a few words to just let you know they're still alive. And the rest, probably not at all. Do what you have to do concerning AWOL procedures. Then, you will reach a vital stage of the squadron's overall development, and if handled correctly can result in a squadron whose activity rivals that of the elite. If not handled correctly, it will drag the squadron down into the depths of inactiveness and make you and your squadron a laughing stock. This is the time to appoint your squadron's command staff.

The first position to offer to your pilots is the executive officer of the squadron. The executive officer in my squadron is essentially the second in command, and always takes the acting commander position should I be absent. Executive officer's duties can be varied, but mostly consist of helping in which ever way the commander sees fit. The executive officer of my squadron is responsible for reviewing all .tfrs turned in by members and then reporting the results back to me. This can help both you and the pilot selected as the executive officer. You have less to worry about, and the pilot has some sort of responsibility to the squadron. The pilot should also be encouraged to make an executive officer homepage, and always be encouraged to present an active image to the rest of the squadron. This will help the pilot feel more like a vital part of the successful running of the squadron, rather than simply another member. He/She will also learn skills that are absolutely necessary to managing their own squadron, if, or when, they get a position promotion.

Now you have began, why stop? I didn't, and the result of that was the appointment of a Training Officer (to be exact, co-training officers, but that's another story) to help with the organisation of competitions and the training of new recruits. Your training officer should have skills in making custom missions, so then they can construct a training battle for any new recruits to play. This will not only help new recruits learn how to use custom battles, but it will also earn your training officer a Medal of Tactics, and we all like to be awarded medals. Missions featuring the actual pilots in the squadron can be quit fun, making the whole Emperor's Hammer experience just that little bit more real. The training officer can also construct a homepage and perhaps even record the results of past competitions they have organised for showing off to other squadrons (assuming you win!).

As you can see, a small command staff has been created. You as the overall commander, the executive officer helping you in the task of everyday squadron management, and the training officer organising competitions and making missions for your pilots to play. If you have made your choices carefully and considered all the options, the result should be an active and productive squadron.

You should feel free to expand on this model. Perhaps if your squadron has a mixed number

of game platforms, say X-Wing VS TIE Fighter, TIE Fighter disk or CDROM, or X-Wing disk or CDROM, you could have a training officer for each platform. One of the flights in your squadron could even be dedicated to X-Wing VS TIE Fighter and take on other squadrons online, while the rest could be responsible for the TIE Fighter and X-Wing side of things. There are many possibilities, and you should not feel constricted by what I have described. Test new options, take new roads, experiment.

Another vital piece in the success of your squadron is the squadron homepage. In my opinion it should be the responsibility of the commander to maintain the squadron homepage. This is for the simple reason that the commander knows what exactly what are the latest events and can update the page quickly and without any mistakes. However, many squadron commanders allow either flight leaders or flight members to construct and maintain a homepage and are successful.

The homepage can be used to generate a great deal of activity among your pilots, probably more than anything else. It presents pilots with their own place to display their talents to the rest of the fleet. As the commander, you must tell your pilots this and not let them forget it. You must find a way to implement the skills of each pilot into the squadron homepage. If a pilot has exceptional HTML skills, give them the chance to help you with the construction of the homepage. Pilots who have abilities producing quality artwork should be asked to design a new squadron banner, and any other images for the homepage. The pilots who are talented writers may like to contribute by producing stories about your squadron's adventures slaughtering the rebels. For the mission makers among your ranks, construct a page that displays the various missions and battles they have created. And don't forget the option to download their custom missions. To cater for those pilots who are simply good at flying starfighters, you need to design a page dedicated to displaying a list of battles they have completed and high scores they have achieved.

The homepage should be a shrine to your squadrons accomplishments. Don't be shy about making a big deal about any awards your squadron earns. You need to let people know that you have taken a squadron and made it one of the most active in the galaxy. And remember, the homepage will be your squadron's face to the rest of the Fleet. It is desirable to take time and carefully plan out the design of your homepage, instead of rushing into it and ending up with nothing but an eyesore. You want people viewing your page to be attracted and impressed by its design, and also interested by what it contains. It is easy to tell between the rushed pages that no one wants to look at, and the pages which are well designed and thoughtout. So remember that homepage can provide an excellent base to generate activity, and it is the face of your squadron.

Your squadron may now be functioning at a desirable level. So how do you show this to your commanding officers? In the form of a squadron report, of course. Many wing commanders make sure that their commanders report in at least once a week with a summary of their squadrons activities. If your wing commander does not, send them one anyway, and make a note of telling them that they should ask for reports at least once a week. A squadron report is an excellent way of getting recognition for your achievements. You should include everything about what your squadron has done in a squadron report. You are essentially selling your squadron, so make sure you do a good job everytime. Try to add a little about each pilot so they know that their wing commander is hearing of their efforts. The addition of a report from the squadron executive officer, probably consisting of the reviews of all the .tfrs submitted by your pilots, should be included. Also, a report from the training officer on any competition news should be attached. If a squadron report full with good news does not

capture the attention of your wing commander, you've got a bad wing commander. Do not hesitate to go straight to your commodore about this.

Hopefully by now you've gained some respect as a squadron commander. Voice your opinion on matters, show that you're active and care for the future of the Fleet. Do not pay any attention to higher ranking officers if they attempt to tell you that you don't matter because you're nothing but a squadron commander. Only commanding officers who have forgotten what it's like to be a member of a squadron will probably treat you like this, and thankfully they are few and far between. Let them know that without members like you the Fleet would be a dull pit of inactivity, but not aggressively. Simply explain to them what it means to be a squadron commander, what it takes, and why commanding a squadron does matter. If they still fail to realise that you are a vital part of the workings of the entire fleet, forget it. They're obviously only concerned with their own career and not anyone else.

A dedicated and successful squadron commander possesses qualities that elude many other members of the Fleet. They stand by their squadrons, they do not work only for the benefit of their own career but for the benefit of all the pilots in their control. They shape the future of the Fleet, from the next generation of commanders and wing commanders to the next generation of command staff. Everyone starts somewhere, and as a squadron commander you have a chance to lay the pathway for that pilots beginning.

Serve the Empire, and your squadron, to the best of your ability. We've got ourselves a war to win.

CMDR/MAJ Maverick/Typhoon 1-1/Wing X/ISD Challenge

IMPERIAL SERVICE RECORD

YRY46YY2787WJD8

IMPERIAL NAVY

HARKOV, G. 573993721

Name: Gavin Harkov

Rank: Brigadier General, Flight Leader / Python 3-1

Scandoc Transmission Code: bgharkov@hotmail.com

Sex (M/F): Male

Race: Human

Date of Birth: 7.25.71 ISC

Place of Birth (Please include homeworld): Classified

Marital Status: Single

Family: Brother (currently missing) son, one on the way. Parents presumed dead.

Social Status: Well to do

Significant Events of Childhood and Adolescence: Gavin Harkov was born the 2nd son of Tomas Harkov, an Imperial Admiral. His family brought up Young Gavin with only one goal in life, to serve the Empire. His formative years were spent around many high-ranking officers in the Imperial Navy and Army. Harkov listened and watch them intently knowing one day that any small piece of knowledge would help him immensely in his future service with the Empire. Gavin was enrolled in a prestigious military academy on Imperial Center (Coruscant). He did well in all his studies ranking at the top of his classes throughout his

career there. Upon graduating from school he entered the Imperial Military Academy. Gavin was always fond of the Imperial Navy. The sleek starfighters, powerful capital ships and stories of glorious space battles struck a nerve in him. Besides, he saw how the Army was when his brother joined and decided that was not the life for him.

Significant events of Adulthood: Upon entering the Imperial Military Academy, Harkov got right to work. He studied hard and got his hands on everything he could read. He read many subjects ranging from history to modern military strategy to political science. After reading Admiral Thrawn's papers on military strategy and tactics, Gavin believed the well knowledgeable officer would win every time. Admiral Thrawn was quoted as saying "Of all the Star Destroyers and TIE Fighters in my task force, the most powerful weapon I have is my knowledge of the enemy and how he thinks." This was proven true by Admiral Thrawn's battle record. Harkov graduated top of his class, excelling in starfighter combat and military strategy. He was then assigned as a TIE pilot aboard a VSD in Admiral Thrawn's task force. After distinguishing himself in battle and winning numerous medals and citations, CM Harkov was promoted to General and assigned as Admiral Thrawn's assistant. GN Harkov performed mostly routine duties for the Admiral, but he was also allowed to sit in on every military meeting. This was an education that couldn't be taught in any academy. It was during this time that GN Harkov learned of his father's treachery. Devastated, Harkov returned to Coruscant, to face the Emperor. After many interrogations it was determined that GN Harkov was neither traitor nor threat to the Empire. He was then assigned to the SSD Executor under Admiral Piett as one of his assistants. GN Harkov learned a lot from the Admiral, especially on how to not fail Lord Vader. During the Battle of Endor, GN Harkov found himself back in the seat of a TIE. He fought with bravery but the rebels were too much that day. After the SSD Executor slammed into the Death Star the Battle took a turn for the worse. Harkov's TIE was destroyed and he was captured by the rebels. After spending 2 years in a rebel prison he escaped while being transferred to another facility. Knowing that if caught again he would be executed, he fled to the Outer Rim Territories. It is here that he first heard rumors of a "small" Imperial faction deep within the outer rim. After many months of searching he came upon a TIE patrol from the Emperor's Hammer. He was taken aboard the SSD Avenger and questioned thoroughly. Once his Imperial record was verified he was allowed to join the Hammer, where he has served ever since.

Alignment and Attitude: The Emperor's Hammer WILL restore peace and order throughout the galaxy.

Former Occupation: None

Tragedies: The treason of his family against the Empire. The death of his father.

Hobbies: Space combat, computers, history, and music.

Phobias and Allergies: None

Personal views of the Empire: Only through the rule of the Empire will there be peace in the galaxy.

Reason for joining the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: To restore the Empire to its former glory.

I hereby confirm that the above information is legitimate and accurate to the best of my knowledge.

Gavin Harkov

CMDR/CM Harkov/Yod/Wing IV/SSSD Sov [AW:FM][IWATS]

BS/PC/ISM(4)/MoC(GoC,BoCx2)

Imperial Navy Pilot Record

Personal Background Information
(Imperial Security Bureau)

Name: Exar Kadann

Position/Rank: FM/LT

Scandoc Transmission Code (Callsign): Exar

Sex (M/F): Male

Race: Human

Date of Birth: 25 Standard Years ago

Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): Onderon

Marital Status (Single, Married, Divorced, Separated): Single

Family: Father was a noble on Onderon, owned a small industry. Mother was some-what secluded after suffering from a disabling disease. No Siblings.

Social Status (Destitute, Poor, Well-to-do, Wealthy, Nobility): Wealthy

Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: Was very good in fencing, but found his love in flying local airspeeders. Later joined the Imperial Academy and finished very high of class.

Significant Events of Adulthood: After the Academy had own ship and was doing good until one day pirates/rebels attacked his ship killing most of the crew, I escaped in an escape pod. After that incident joined the Emperor's Hammer to rid the Galaxy of the Rebel scum.

Alignment & Attitude: Imperial, Fierce

Former Occupations (if any): Shipping Merchant

Hobbies: Likes to read history of the Jedi, mainly Dark Jedi. Collecting various items of interest.

Tragedies: Right after birth mother suffered a disease that left her in a state of seclusion, very quiet not outgoing. Father was killed when thieves stole a ship and he was standing in the way of the Backwash.

Phobias & Allergies: Rebels

Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): I hope to see the Empire restore peace throughout the Galaxy by way of the Emperor's Hammer.

Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: Glory for the Empire

Other comments or information (optional):

I hereby confirm that the above information is legitimate and accurate to the best of my knowledge.

Signature: Lieutenant Exar Kadann

Date: 981208

Imperial Navy Pilot Record

Personal Background Information
(Imperial Security Bureau)

Name: FRED

Position/Rank: FM/SL Fred/Cheth 3-4/Wing IV/SSSD Sov

Scandoc Transmission Code (Callsign): Jumas

Sex (M/F):M

Race: humanoid

Date of Birth: 01/01/1911

Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): Pacifica, Exxon

Marital Status (Single, Married, Divorced, Separated): Married
Family: Parents(alive),wife, 2 children (boy & girl), two brothers (one deceased)
Social Status (Destitute, Poor, Well-to-do, Wealthy, Nobility): wealthy
Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: Survived explosion of Exxon's sun. Moved with entire family to Earth.
Significant Events of Adulthood: fought in WWII, Vietnam, Korean, Persian, WWII, First Interplanetary War, Andromeda War, Interplanetary War II. Marry my wife...
Alignment & Attitude: Positive, courage under fire, balance
Former Occupations (if any): cold fusion scientist, test pilot, professor
Hobbies: robotics & gardening
Tragedies: lost of older brother while doing a routine flight in Sector 12. His hyperdrive inexplicably exploded...I watched him go down...I couldn't do anything
Phobias & Allergies: a certain degree of claustrophobia. No allergies
Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer):My second home... Fleet: SSSD Sov
Other comments or information (optional):

I hereby confirm that the above information is legitimate and accurate to the best of my knowledge.

Signature: FRED

Date: 12/07/1998

Imperial Navy Pilot Record

Personal Background Information
(Imperial Security Bureau)

Name: Rick King

Position/Rank: FM/LT Javeling/Cheth 2-4/Wing IV/SSSD Sov

Scandoc Transmission Code (Callsign): Javelin

Sex (M/F): Male

Race: Human

Date of Birth: 19 years ago (if someone knows what year it is, please let me know what year I was born)

Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): Coruscant

Marital Status (Single, Married, Divorced, Separated): Single

Family: Two parents -- both are ignorant of our war

Social Status (Destitute, Poor, Well-to-do, Wealthy, Nobility): I'm still in training, so of course I'm destitute, but my Imperial Engineering scholarships are helping greatly to make life easier.

Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: I cracked my head when I was 4. They enhanced my brain at the hospital. That's why I can fly as well as I can.

Significant Events of Adulthood: If you call 19 adulthood, I guess I'd have to say leaving home for training has been the most eventful.

Alignment & Attitude: I try to be good, but being bad is so much fun sometimes.

Former Occupations (if any): The way it's looking, the career I'm training for will be a "former occupation" since it appears I will never be able to use my computer skills since I'll have to keep flying and killing rebels.

Hobbies: Does killing rebels count?

Tragedies: I was overcharged for my dinner last night. Now that was a tragedy.

Phobias & Allergies: Those little ewok guys scare the mess out of me.

Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): The Empire is good. I can just

imagine the toys I'll get to play with if I ever get into some systems designs.

Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: I'm an awesome pilot and I knew they needed my help. Shoot, the last intersquadron battle we flew can show that.

Other comments or information (optional): Ummmm.... could someone get me a better supply of food here? I can't keep flying on these rations.

I hereby confirm that the above information is legitimate and accurate to the best of my knowledge.

Signature: FM/LT Javelin/Cheth 2-4/Wing IV/SSSD Sov

Date: 07Dec98

The Great Typhoon Escape by LT Dan

I was on my way to Aurora in a transport from the ISD Challenge. We were in hyperspace coming from the Carida system after doing a routine check around a training facility where a rebellion was rumored to have been plotted by the trainees there. We were dispatched from the Challenge and had done our patrol for a few days, but nothing happened. So The Challenge decided it was going to stay behind but we were relieved of duty from that mission. I was with my other squadron members from Typhoon. Mav, Vader, Callista, Melliush, Vexan, Ironfist and Menalaeus. We were having a great time, having some Auroran 5 headed shrimp, a delicacy. We told each other stories of our experiences so far with the Squadron. I had some catching up to do since I had experienced some technical difficulties with my fighter and was inactive for nearly two months. I was anxious to get back into action and now we were being sent down to Aurora Prime to hear Grand Admiral Ronin give his peace speech with the Star Vipers, who had just signed a Treaty of Cease Fire. It would be a day of forgiveness between the two groups. Or so we thought.

I started to tell my story of how I'd been keeping my self busy during my time of inactivity. " I had gone to the training room, but the guard wouldn't let me in, so you know what I said? I said " Hey you ---" Just then the transport lurched. " What the hell was that?" said Mav.

The transport pilot walked in the passenger dining room. " We're caught in a tractor beam!" he said excitedly and nervously.

"What? We're in hyperspace," I said, puzzled. " It must be a damn big ship if it pulled us out. "

The pilot who was now sweating with nervousness, told us to all take a look on the radar. We did so. We saw a huge Super Star Destroyer, identified on screen as the SSD Viper. The Star Vipers! Shouldn't they have been on the way to Aurora? " So glad you could drop in," a voice said as we looked at the comm-screen. " I am General Michon of the Star Vipers. You passed through our territory so I figured you might want to explain yourselves. Well?"

Mav stepped up and informed the General that we were headed for Aurora to hear Ronin's address to the groups. "We are Typhoon, Best in the TIE Corps, and we must get to Aurora to--"

" Well forget it," said the General sharply. " There's been a change of plans. As soon as your transport is beamed into the hangar, exit and yield to the troopers who greet you immediately. In case you haven't figured it out, the whole agreement was a setup by us. We have no intention of making peace with you or the Hammer. Once all Hammer members are

gathered on Aurora, a battle group will be sent to easily dispose of them. You will be the first Hammer members disposed of today. It's a brilliant, yet simple plan, with no escape. So don't try anything when you get off your craft if you want to live that much longer."

" We have to tell Aurora what's going to happen! The whole fleet could be destroyed in a day."

" We can't," Callista said. " All the crafts functions are jammed. It's impossible"

" This is horrible," was all Ironfist could say.

At a loss for what to do, we opened the hatch and entered the Viper's hangar, where stormtroopers awaited at the bottom. We submitted, with no hope for escape except pure luck.

" Welcome to my ship," said the sly Michon. " Hope the troops didn't treat you too comfortably on the escort to my quarters," he said, since we had just entered his quarters. " Here's the deal, you will all be promptly interrogated and then sent to your cells which you will stay before and after we call for you to be interrogated. You will all go one by one and then collectively be executed when we have all or any information we need. I find it ironic that the same so-called great pilots of Typhoon will help somewhat in destroying the group for which they are a part of." At hearing this, our pilot lost it and jumped through the General's office window. I was surprised he actually made it through the window unharmed, but not surprised when a guard who was waiting outside the office promptly shot him in the back. So much for his chances, I thought to myself. A sickly grin crossed the General's face, who said " Guards, escort these men to their cells and have someone clean that up," he said, gesturing to the pilot's lifeless body outside the door. With that, we were escorted to our cells, standard Imperial prison holds. I saw each other member thrown into one before I was escorted into the one at the rear.

I sat there a few moments, at a loss, trying to forget all which I knew about the Hammer so I would have nothing to share with the interrogators, or the snake Michon whom I now had hatred for more than anyone in the Galaxy. He had killed our transport pilot, who had a wife and 3 kids on Aurora. I tried forgetting all EH info, but I remembered all, and trying to forget made me remember even more. I was about to kill myself to keep information just within me, but first I walked up to the cell's door and punched it. It came open. The guard had forgotten to lock it! I was amazed, at my luck and at the guard's stupidity. I got out and saw the same idiot guard who had put me in. He was asleep at the chair in the corridor. How do they screen these people?, I thought. I walked up slowly to him. When I was less than a foot away, he startled and made a noise. I didn't get to hear whatever he was going to say, because I quickly snapped his neck. Removing his blaster from a limp hand, I went to the first cell door. I opened it, and Vader was there looking depressed and confused. " If you want information, you won't get it from me. As far as I'm concerned you can kiss my a--" He looked up to see it was me. " Dan, what, how, I mean--"

" To make a long story short, the Viper's don't have the brightest of personnel, I'll tell you more later, but let's go." With a new sense of excitement in his eyes he jumped up and we rushed out of his cell and opened all the others as well. Everyone was happy to see us. We all went to the exit door and looked around the corner. General Michon was coming! I panicked, but Melluish calmed me down. " Listen," he said. " Look, up there at the pipes. All we have to do is....."

" I want Grand Admiral Cobra online," the General said to an officer. "He must know of this first apprehension. He will be pleased that we have already taken a step at the annihilation of the Hammer." He rounded the corner and stepped in to the silent cell hall. He looked at the guard. " Get up you lazy slob! I'll have you know, I-- eeww, he's dead. He's snapped, literally. Everyone on guard and alert, no one moves, I think something's wrong he--"

On Mell's signal we all let go of the pipes. We fell to the ground and I fired immediately down the hall, and the Viper members were all in shock, three troops an officer, and the general. They went down like dominoes as I fired relentless down the hall way where they stood single-file. I ran to the door and followed the other 7 around the corner which was empty. " We have to find the reactor core and blow this ship up." We ran to a map and found that the reactor core was down the hall way. On the way, we ran into 10 more stormtroopers. We had 4 blasters. Mav carried one now, so did Vader and Menalaeus, now that the three guards were dead back there, we had salvaged the guns. We let out a fury of fire, and in the end Melluish had a wound on his arm, but no serious injuries. We continued on and got to the reactor room. Which was guarded by two troops who were disposed of by us quickly. We went in. Vexan ran up to the control key sent the core for overdrive, and we had exactly 4 minutes to get out of the destroyer before it all blew. The Hangar was a floor up. We ran to the nearest elevator, taking care of a few menacing officers on the way. We reached the hangar. We turned and saw over 100 troops chasing us. We had 2 minutes.

Mav quickly halted us and pointed to 8 TIE Advanceds. We hopped into one each, dodging fire over our shoulders. Mav hit the hangar opening. 1 minute. I covered with my blaster and was the last to hop in. 10 seconds. We lifted off and flew out. Mav sent the Auroran Home Guard the coordinates of our location. The Hammer said would be on their way to dispose of the rallying Star Vipers. We sped off into space, too tired to help in the fight to come, but we had enough time to see the SSD Viper explode in a blaze of orange fire. We had won, the Hammer was on their way with another victory over the Vipers other ships. The Vipers had learned an important lesson that day. Don't mess with the EH. And don't even think about messing with Typhoon.

FM/LT Dan/Typhoon 3-2/Wing X/ISD Challenge

Smasher's Bio cont'd

I

Rear Admiral Adam Smasher sat behind his desk on the Intruder Wing flagship, the MC-120 DarkStar. He slowly turned in his chair admiring the various medals and promotion certificates on his wall. He gaze lingered for a second over the Medal of Honor encased in the plaque. There was a time he thought to himself when he wore that with pride. Unfortunately those days were gone. He turned back to his desk and checked his in basket. Not one medal or citation could be found. "What good is being the Ops Officer if there is nothing to award?" he thought to himself.

Smasher reached over and flipped on his computer terminal and typed in intruder-wing.org. He slowly scrolled through the various pages until he came upon the roster. He scanned the names and noted the ones that had ended up missing over the past few months. He also noticed names that didn't have bodies attached to them. "What a sorry state of affairs this has become." He thought to himself. "One hundred and fifty plus names yet I only see maybe 20 on this entire ship." Smasher sighed once more and flipped the screen off and rose from his desk. He decided a drink in the lounge was the order of the day. A glance at his chrono told him it was only 10 am standard time, but what the hell he thought. The first thing Smasher noticed when he entered the lounge was the darkness, he could see a couple tables were occupied by the ambient light coming through the window in the side of the ship, but he couldn't make out faces. "That is good I think because I am not in the mood

for company.” He thought to himself. Smash ordered a stiff ale from Ithor and sat in a corner and stared at the galaxy outside.

“Smasher never deserved Admiral, or any of his CO jobs, christ he was crummy Wing Commander when he was on the Majesty.” Smasher looked around to see who was talking about him, in a corner sat Vice Admiral Kevin and General YHE. “Correction, Rear Admiral YHE, even though nobody will admit to promoting him,” thought Smasher to himself. Smasher could feel the anger building inside himself as he listened to the two drunken Admirals berate him, when he sat no more than 4 meters from them. “This is the state of the IW, two ship commodores sitting in the bar at 10 am drunker than a Gammorean in Jabba’s palace.” Smasher finished his ale and got up and walked back towards his office. Once back inside his office Smasher locked the door and went to his trophy closet, inside were the momento’s he kept that were too large or sentimental to adorn his walls. He reached inside and pulled out a vacuum packed clothing case. He deftly broke the seal and looked at the garment within. He fingered the coarse material and thought to himself for a moment. He reached inside and grabbed his pack. Inside he placed his credit vouchers, pictures of his past, he looked at the one of him, Sharp and Ant standing in front of their Ewing back during the glory days of Black Squadron, when the entire fleet followed the example set by the three of them. Next he came across a picture of him and Mort sharing a glass of Champagne after the Allutious battle, where Wasp and Black had led the way and defeated the Rebel contingent. He briefly wondered where Mort was. The more pictures he went put in the bag, the more faces that were gone stared at him. The sad part was, he thought to himself, none of these people had died in battle, not Trak, Percy, Caliban, Ant, or even Jarak, they just found what they were looking for elsewhere. Next he went to the walls and dropped his medal case into the pack. He methodically cleaned his office until everything was packed and only wire hung on the walls. He once again looked inside the garment bag. He gently took out the standard black overalls worn by spacers throughout the galaxy, but these were different, these were Stidog’s.

Stidog had been a Lcdr in the Intruder Wing until killed in a freak training accident. Smasher was the result of General FarDreamers cloning experiment using Stidog’s hand. Smasher had never worn these clothes, because he had never needed to, but also out of respect for his “father.” Smasher looked at the clothes and made his decision. He flipped on his comm terminal and quickly typed in his letter of resignation. Smasher then took his uniform off and donned the coveralls his father had worn when he had first stumbled across the hangar bay of the Victory as a fresh Slt.

The hangar deck was empty as Smasher made his way to his TIE Interceptor. “I will make it without having to say goodbye to anyone,” he thought to himself. That was fine with him. Smash quickly mounted his TIE and fired it up. Control came crackling over the comm unit demanding to know what he was doing. He flipped it off. He fired up his command interface unit and ordered the hangar doors open. “Sometimes being a commanding officer has its privileges,” he thought to himself. In a matter of seconds he was in the void of space. He quickly programmed coordinates into the Nav computer Sharp had installed in his personal ship and charged up the shields. The small TIE oriented itself quickly and the bright lines of hyperspace engulfed the cockpit.

II

Smasher sat on the planet of Frigg, in the Phare system nursing a drink and moaning over the cut in his coveralls. The strong ale was having its effect on him. He sat and looked into the half empty glass, and grew angry. He had been raised his entire life, which wasn’t long for a clone, to conform to Imperial Standards and yet now the galaxy was betraying his inborn

sense of honor and conduct. The more Smash thought the angrier he became. Smasher could feel his anger building but was unable to control it, he drained his glass and threw it across the bar. Unfortunately for him, it landed and shattered on a Trandoshans head.

Without a word the Trandoshan stood up and unholstered his blaster. Smasher tried to stand, but felt his legs turn to rubber. His blaster hung untouched at his side. It was like slow motion as he watched the trandoshan aim and fall backwards with a hole in his chest.

Smasher stared at the body on the floor for what seemed to be forever before looking around to find the source of the creatures heartache. Slowly he turned around to see smoking Blaster held in the hand of a human dressed in the garb of an Imperial Admiral. Standing beside him was a bot with the name SureFire stenciled across his chest. Smasher's military upbringing immediately kicked in.

"Sir, Adam Smasher reporting, thank you sir."

"At ease son," replied the Admiral. "We heard you were here, so Surefire and I came down to check it out."

"Sir, I don't understand," replied Smasher.

"We have been following your career since our first encounter, that include the past month that you have been floating through the galaxy aimlessly. We know that you need a home, and we also know that you can help us, while we can fulfill what you are searching for."

"Who are you," asked Smasher.

"Admiral Kowalski, the Emperors Hammer Strike Fleet."

Through Smasher's muddled mind a light went on. "Sir, are you offering me a job with the Emperors Hammer?"

"Yes Adam, we are. Do not disillusion yourself about maintaining your old rank, or anything, you will start at the bottom and we shall see how far you can go. But you will have a home."

Smash though about it a second. Back as a SlT would not be fun, but he could fly and count again. He would have other pilots, though much younger to interact with, and most importantly he would have his purpose again.

"Sir you have yourself a pilot, but I have to keep my personal ship."

"Adam, you can keep your ship for personal use, but you must fly one of ours in combat."

"That Admiral I can live with." Smasher then Saluted the Admiral and made his way to the launch bay and followed Adm Kawolski into space....

Imperial Navy Pilot Record

Personal Background Information
(Imperial Security Bureau)

Subject Name: Oscle Ta'baas

Position/Rank: TRN/CT Oscle Ta'baas/Cheth 1-4/Wing IV/SSSD Sov

Scandoc Transmission Code: "Status" or "Over Time"

Gender: Male

Species: Human

Date of Birth: 22 Standard years ago, 12.2.

Place of Birth: Coruscant

Marital Status: Single, never married.

Family: Father: President Onnon Ta'baas, a wealthy and model imperial citizen. Onnon founded, and owns, Ta'baas Industries, one of the largest producers of Imperial software.

Mother: Imperial Senator Llane Ta'baas, a valid speaker for

Coruscant. Murdered. Brother: Cadet Ioen Ta'baas, an Imperial Pilot who was shot down over the planet of Endor. Killed in Action. Brother: Commander Orrun Ta'baas, an Imperial Commando. Classified.

Social Status: Imperial Upper-class

Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: Oscle was born the youngest of three children. Although Oscle's mother died a few months after his birth; his father, Onnon Ta'baas, was more than able to give him the education needed to enter the Imperial Army Academy. Oscle led a rather uneventful childhood.

Significant Events of Adulthood: Oscle grew up hearing of his brothers' accomplishments. When news of Ioen's death reached his ears he immediately transferred from his lax station within one of Coruscant's garrisons to the TIE Corps and was accepted into the Naval Academy. Oscle was transferred to Sword Squadron just before graduation.

Alignment & Attitude: Cold and calculating during combat situations; humorous and light-hearted otherwise.

Former Occupations: Imperial Army - Lieutenant.

Tragedies: Death of both his brother and mother at the hands of the Rebellion.

Phobias & Allergies: None to Date.

Personal views of the Empire: "Without order, there is only chaos. Half of my immediately family was killed by chaos" ~ as stated by Oscle Ta'baas, Imperial Recruit.

Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: Classified.

Cadet Oscle Ta'baas

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Imperial Navy Pilot Record

Personal Background Information
(Imperial Security Bureau)

Name: Barrett

Rank: Sub Lieutenant

Scandoc Transmission Code: Kev4Hockey

Holonet Address: Kev4Hockey@aol.com

Sex: Male

Race: Human

Age: 16

Date of Birth: Classified

Place of Birth: Corellia

Marital Status: Single

Family: One brother

Social Status (Destitute, Poor, Well-to-Do, wealthy, nobility): wealthy

Significant Events of Childhood / Adolescence:

Childhood \ Adolescence: Barrett was born and raised on Corellia until he was 12 years old. At that time, a band of rebel scum attacked his hometown. All of his family was killed with the exception of his brother, Regan. Regan later began working for the Imperial Navy as a military strategist. Barrett, on the other hand, went to Alderan to study medicine. When Barrett was 14 years old, he received his medical degree. He then went from system to

system trying to find a practice to join. With no luck, he decided to join the Imperial Navy as a physician. He went on an ISD once to do emergency surgery, and while he was there, he witnessed a major battle. That was when he decided that he wanted to fly for the Empire. When he was almost 15, he joined the Imperial Academy. He graduated from the academy when he was almost 16. His time in medical school allowed him for a speedy enrollment in the academy. He was picked up then by the Gamma squadron, and has been flying with them ever since.

Significant Events of Adulthood: Adulthood: Hasn't occurred yet, Barrett's a kid fighting with the big guys.

Alignment and Attitude: Loyal to the Empire, especially since his brother is an Imperial Strategist. He is, however, very reckless, and sometimes needs to be calmed down. He will do most crazy missions that normal pilots are afraid of.

Former Occupations: Medical Physician

Tragedies: The death of his family with the exception of Regan

Phobias and Allergies: None

Other Comments or Information:

I, Sub Lieutenant Barrett, do hereby swear that all the above information is accurate to the fullest extent.

Signature: Barrett

ID Line:

FM/SL Barrett/Gamma 3-3/Wing I/SSSD Sovereign-[TIE-XvT]

The Minos Offensive - Part 1

by CMDR/MAJ Maverick/Typhoon 1-1/Wing X/ISD Challenge

Flight Officer Kawolski, flanked by his ever present command attaches, walked down the shuttle ramp and into the hanger of the SSSD Sovereign. As always he was greeted by lines of storm troopers, standing completely motionless, and each of their faces totally expressionless. The commodore of the Sovereign, Admiral Kramer, stood at the bottom of the ramp, and with him two Grand Master's Royal Guard troops. They gently bowed their heads in respect as the Flight Officer and his two command attaches reached the bottom of the ramp. The commodore saluted. They spoke as they walked.

"Sir, welcome back. I trust your journey was trouble free."

"Disperse with the pleasantries, Admiral," the Flight Officer smirked. "Tell me how many of the command staff are aboard."

"All, now that you have arrived. I have been ordered to personally escort you to the command chamber."

Kawolski nodded. "Thankyou Admiral."

They walked in silence until they reached the turbo lift which would take them to the chamber. As they travelled upwards, the Flight Officer began thinking the problems he had uncovered on his trip, and how he planned to solve them. The voice of the Sovereign commodore disrupted his thoughts.

"Sir, we have arrived."

Kawolski saluted the commodore and stepped out, leaving behind his command attaches and the Royal Guard troops. They were not permitted any further than the doors of that lift.

Kawolski walked down the dimly lit corridor which ended in a door bearing a magnificent

Imperial insignia. Two more Royal Guards confronted him, but they moved swiftly aside, bowing their heads as a sign of undying respect to the ones they served. The door opened, splitting the Imperial insignia down the center, and uncovering a large room containing the most incredibly powerful men and women in the entire galaxy.

* * * * *

Meanwhile, on a small but resource rich planet in the Minos Cluster simply named Planet 1109, Imperial ground forces were engaged in a ferocious battle with the New Republic. The millions of Hammer's Fist storm troopers deployed there were attempting to capture control of the planet, and its multitudes of valuable resources. Much to their dismay, the New Republic already had many well fortified positions on the planet. Ever since the first Imperial landing, the battles had become an uphill struggle for both sides. The troops had bogged down and the whole situation added up to nothing but a stalemate.

Gretaf Locut landed hard, slightly cracking his armour, but at least he was alive. Many in his division were not. Rolling over onto his stomach, he desperately crawled the extra few feet to the relative safety the trench would provide. Red laser blasts burnt the air around him as they whizzed past. Suddenly a hand reached up and gripped his arm, then pulled him across the dirt into the trench. He fell down and then into the back of the trench, and found himself standing upright. By the grace of some miracle, he was still holding his blaster rifle.

"They just cut us down like ewoks. Don't ask me where the walker support was."

Locut glanced up at the man who was speaking. It was also the man who had saved him. He could not see the face behind the white storm trooper mask, but he made a mental note of what his voice sounded like. Locut owed that man, and the only way he was likely to know who he was when they met again would be by the sound of his voice.

"Thankyou." It was the only reply Locut could manage.

"That was a bloody slaughter. I'd say you and I are the only ones left," said the trooper, ignoring Locut's words of thanks. "My transmitter is down, and I can't get our field commander or sector HQ. Yours still online?"

Locut fumbled with his helmet, then shook his head. "No, it's out."

"Okay, we better get moving. They won't be long." The trooper was of course referring to the imminent swarm of rebel troops coming to occupy their newly acquired position.

It was then that Locut surveyed the complete destruction surrounding him. The trench was filled with the dead storm troopers of his battalion. Blood contrasted with the blank whiteness of trooper uniform scattered as far as Locut could see. He closed his eyes and turned away in horror.

"Hey," said the trooper. "The name is Owen. Lance Owen."

"Locut. Gretaf Locut."

Owen reached down and slid a power pack from the blaster of a dead trooper. He slapped it into his blaster rifle. "Okay, trooper Locut. Let's move."

Together they climbed over the rear of the trench. As stealthily as possible they moved between the debris and ruins of AT-T walkers and other battle craft as they retreated. Locut ducked under a large solar panel, probably from some type of TIE craft. It reminded Locut of the space battle hundreds of kilometres above. He paused and glanced up at the sky. He could just make out the faint outline of a few cruisers and the occasional flash of laser fire. The space battles looked their best at night, not in the day.

"Hey, keep moving kid," said Owen, motioning with his hands. "There's no time to watch the fireworks."

In the distance they could hear the rumbling of battle. They're probably assaulting the huge New Republic shield generator near the mines, thought Locut, thanking the Empire he wasn't

involved in that mission. Glancing over his shoulder, Locut saw the rebel troops and armoured vehicles emerging from their positions and moved forward to claim their prize.

* * * * *

"We must capture Planet 1109 at all costs, Grand Admiral," announced the Science Officer, Admiral Alastery. "We need the resources it can provide. All divisions of the CorCom are seriously stretched for vital materials."

Admiral Alastery glanced over at the Corporate Division Executive Officer, who was nodding his head. "She is correct. We are severely struggling to keep up hardware production."

The commander of the Hammer's Fist storm trooper division stood up, and slammed his fist down hard on the huge round table which the command staff were seated around. "You do not understand!" he roared. "If we keep losing troops at this level soon there will be no one left to fight. You need to realise, Admiral Alastery, that we are not simply fighting on one planet. We are fighting on hundreds of planets! Our forces are spread thinly throughout the system." He sat back down, confident he had successfully communicated his point.

Kawolski nodded in agreement. "He is right. It is no longer a matter of storming a planet and taking it within forty eight hours. The rebels are too well equipped. To capture a planet you must gain space supremacy. Our problem is that we are fighting on too many fronts, and as a result we cannot win enough territory in space."

"And I cannot maintain levels of communication that are acceptable when I have not a single safe point in space to set up communications outpost," added the Communications Officer.

"Our forces in the Minos Cluster simply cannot talk to each other well enough."

This gained the attention of the Infiltrator Wing Commander, Admiral Jammin, who went on to explain that his forces had fallen under attack by Imperial forces more than once simply because they had not been informed about each other's positions.

"This constant confusion between my fleet and the TIE Corps must be solved."

The Grand Admiral motioned for silenced. He was obviously annoyed at the constant bickering between his command staff which had been raging for the last two hours. He rose before he spoke, and slowly paced around the huge round table.

"We must concentrate on taking one planet at a time, while not allowing the rebels to realise that our forces are centering on one objective." The Grand Admiral reached a window that was over looking the Emperor's Hammer homeworld of Aurora. He paused to admire the planet which he had brang forth to glory. "What is the percentage of the TIE Corps engaged in the Minos Cluster, Admiral Kawolski?"

"About eighty per cent of the entire fleet is dedicated to the Minos front at one time, sir." answered the Flight Officer. "The rest is either on patrol in quieter systems or off duty."

The Grand Admiral continued to stare at the planet many hundred of kilometres below. "And the Auroran Home Gaurd forces have been engaged in the Minos Cluster?"

"Yes, sir. The ISD Challenge has been engaged in the Minos Cluster many times, usually during heavy offensive operations."

"Hrrmmm..."

The room went completely silent as the officers awaited the response of the Grand Admiral. After what seemed like an entire minute, Grand Admiral Ronin turned to his loyal followers.

"We will capture Planet 1109," he began. "Admiral Kawolski, increase the TIE Corps to ninety percent dedication, and include the Auroran Home Guard forces. Fleet Admiral Khyron, we will need two Avenger squadrons to assist in the assault. Other than that, you may continue with your Dark Brotherhood operations."

The Grand Master of the Dark Brotherhood, Fleet Admiral Khyron simply nodded, his

mysterious face still concealed by his hood. "As you wish."
"Admiral Jammin, the Infiltrator Wing will need to dedicate the Bismarck to the assault," said the Grand Admiral. Then he turned to the commander of Hammer's Fist, Prefect Thrawn.
"Thrawn, you must hold Planet 1109 without any Navy support for 24 hours. Can you do it?"
Thrawn sighed. "If I reinforce the current troop and armour divisions now, I may be able to hold it. Depends on how bad their navy attacks us."
The Grand Admiral paused again, deep in thought. And again the room went silent, until the Executive Officer, Sector Admiral Havok, spoke.
"Sir, do you mind telling us what assault you are planning?"
The Grand Admiral stared down upon his command officers, their eyes looking eagerly to him for an explanation. And explain he did.

* * * * *

Many light years away, on the surface of a small, desolite planet simply known as Planet 1109, two lone storm troopers moved swiftly past the scattered remains of many battles. As a result of the extreme heat that had built up inside their armour, both had removed their helmets. One of them appeared younger than the other, about twenty years old. The older was about forty, but still as physically fit as his younger counterpart.
"It can't be far to sector HQ," said the older man, Lance Owen. He paused, and brushed the sweat from his forehead and scanning the area for possible shelter. In the growing darkness he could make out the shell of a destroyed rebel assault tank. He pointed to it. "Perhaps we should hold station there for the night."
"Good idea, I'm beat," said Locut, already making his way over to the designated camping area.
Locut threw his blaster rifle to the ground, as if sick of the sight of it, then they sat down. Owen reached into one of the packs attached to his armour. His hand disappeared then returned holding a standard issue storm trooper field lamp.
"We'll need this later," he said, placing the lamp carefully on the ground.
"Do you ever think of leaving the Fist?" asked Locut, positioning himself so he was lying on his back, staring up at the stars slowly appearing as Planet 1109's sun vanished over the horizon.
"Yeah, I've thought of it. But I cannot quit, not after...." Owen frowned as unpleasant memories flooded back to him.
Locut tilted his head slightly and looked at Owen, as if to encourage him to continue. "Not after what?"
"Not after the New Republic murdered her."
Sensing the anger in Owen's voice, Locut hesitated before speaking. "Who is her?"
Owen sighed, he seemed to have calmed at the thought of whoever he was mumbling about. But Owen was not calm, he was simply trying to contain the immense amount of anger swelling throughout his body.
"Prefer not to talk about it?" asked Locut, turning his head back to the sky. "That's fi..."
"She was my wife," interrupted Owen. The anger drifted out of his body as he began to think of her and less of the murder. "The only women in the galaxy who could love a man like me. Before I met her I was trash, drinking and living in the bars on lower Coruscant. How old are you?"
The sudden change of topic caught Locut off guard. "Umm... twenty four."
Owen nodded slowly, staring at the darkening sky above, yet it seemed as if he was looking further than the stars above. He was looking at times gone by, and dreaming about what could've been. "I was twenty one when I first saw Vanzan. Her sheer beauty was

overwhelming, the way she moved, the way she spoke, the way she did everything possessed me from the moment I laid eyes upon her. She taught me respect, honour, and most important of all, how to love."

The lay in silence for a while, Owen dreaming of his lost love, and Locut thinking of this Vanzen girl. It eventually led him to examine his own situation. It was then, for the first time in his life, that he realised he'd never been in love, and that no one had ever loved him. Sure, Locut had been an orphan, with no parents to love him the conventional way. But, how had it happened? How could he have lived for twenty four years and never been loved, or loved anyone else? Locut didn't even know what love was.

"Then they killed her."

Owen's words, full of anger and disgust but also sadness and sorrow, carved their own place in Locut's memory. He wondered if he would ever speak in a similar way, a similar tone of voice. It worried him that it may be reserved for people who are in love, or have loved before. The two men's conversation ceased, Locut intent on not pushing Owen too far.

Locut turned his attention to the stars above. Something just above the horizon caught his eye. A flash of light, an explosion perhaps. Then, he realised it was another space battle. Gradually the fighting moved, and eventually it reached the center of the sky directly above where Locut and Owen lay. Locut had developed a talent for identifying cruisers from many kilometres away. Sometimes he made it a game which he played with himself, especially when his unit got itself into tight spot and he had to spend many hours lying undercover to avoid detection by the rebels. The obvious shapes, such as the large dagger of an Imperial class Star Destroyer gave him no challenge, but the smaller, less distinguished Strike and Carrack Cruisers proved more difficult.

Tonight he could make out an Imperial class Star Destroyer and two Calamari Cruisers. Surrounding the Star Destroyer and the Calamari Cruisers were many smaller craft. The Imperial force was most likely to be Battle Group I, meaning the Star Destroyer was the Colossus. Then, some of the ships which appeared to be Imperial, entered hyperspace. That was nothing unusual, but when more and more of them vanished, Locut became slightly alarmed. He didn't say anything though, until the Colossus, like the rest of the Imperial force, left the combat area. The laser fire ceased.

Scrambling to his feet, he stared in disbelief at the sky above which was empty of any Imperial presence. He closed his eyes, hoping in vain that it was all an illusion. Much to his dismay it wasn't. Locut looked down at Owen in horror. His terrified gaze was to have no effect on the Owen, who had fallen asleep. So he gently prodded him in the stomach with his foot.

"Owen, wake up!" he whispered, gently tapping him with his foot again. "They've gone, we're all going to die."

Owen pushed Locut's foot away, his eyes still half closed. Resting on his elbows he raised his head and sleepily looked up at the hysterical young man standing above him. "What on Aurora Prime are you talking about?"

"They've gone, the cruisers, they've all gone!"

Owen closed his eyes and lay back down. "It's only a dream, kiddo, go back to sleep."

"Damn you, wake up!" Locut lifted Owen up, and surprised even himself with his strength. He pointed to the lone Calamari Cruisers in the sky. "They've gone. They've left us here. We have no Navy support. We're all going to die!"

Blarey eyed, Owen studied the sky. Much to his disbelief, the sky was clear of all Imperial battle craft. Now he realised why Locut was going so crazy. Without Navy support the New Republic fleet would blow them into oblivion. No one would get off that hell hole alive.

"Perhaps it's better if we don't get back to sector HQ straight away. Because they are going to hit it. Hard."

"I can't believe this. I am going to die on this rock! Why me? Why me? I've done nothing...."
Locut drifted off into a sobbing mumble.

Owen sat back down, and considered their options. They could not go back to sector HQ. After hitting main, the rebels would go through the sectors, and they wouldn't kindly skip over his sector HQ. And they would strike hard, probably kill every Imperial they saw. There was no such thing as a prisoner of war. Not in this war, anyway. Owen hoped that Battle Group I had left Planet 1109 for a reason. And a damn good one, at that. Because the sad truth was that as soon as a force has control of space around a planet, be it an Imperial or New Republic force, they have total and absolute control of the situation.

Owen stood up again and placed one hand on each of Locut's shoulders. "Hey, hey! It's okay," he said, his volume steadily increasing as he shook the hysterical young storm trooper. "I am sure they did it for a reason. We'll just make our way closer to sector HQ, and then check out the situation. We'll be fine."

The look of terror faded from Locut's eyes. Owen's attempt at trying to reassure the young trooper that the top brass of the Imperial Forces had not gone crazy had succeeded.

"Yeah, you're right," sighed Locut, shaking his head in disgust at how he had behaved. The Hammer's Fist training had taught him to remain calm in all situations, no matter how grave. Locut thought he would never crack, but all the killing and destruction he had witnessed combined with the leaving of the strongest Imperial force for light years had taken its toll. "Now, let's try to sleep," said Owen.

* * * * *

Orbiting the Emperor's Hammer home planet Aurora Prime was its primary defence system, the mighty Imperial Star Destroyer Challenge. It was unusually busy, with many smaller cruisers, from Strike Cruisers to Modified Corvettes, surrounding the Star Destroyer. The entire Auroran Home Guard defence force was massing. Although the crews of the battle cruisers had not yet been informed of exactly why they were gathering, many had a fairly accurate idea. Their superiors had told them to prepare for 'a moderate assault in the Minos Cluster'. To the crew aboard the cruisers, this translates to 'a major offensive that will result in the deaths of many'.

The commander of the three battle groups, Vice Admiral Piett and the commodore of the Challenge, Vice Admiral Orion waited in the conference room. Next to them the Wing X commander, Major Torres, was seated. They both sat on the edge of a large round table. A holographic image of Aurora and the ships orbiting it was being projected above the center of the table. The hologram projector emitted a low hum which drowned out the silence that existed between Orion and Torres.

The door hissed and opened, and the commanders of the various cruisers which made up the Auroran Home Guard entered the room. All the men walked briskly to their designated seating positions.

"Welcome, gentlemen," began Vice Admiral Piett as the last commander took his seat. "I have received our final orders from the Flight Officer concerning the assault. As you all know, High Command has decided to mount a large assault on an important planet in the Minos Cluster. Instead of directly using the Sovereign in the battle, the Challenge, Colossus and Relentless have been chosen to lead the battle. Also, the Infiltrator Wing's Bismarck will be entering the planet's system acting as reinforcements. Their function will be to report the size of the rebel force to us and then hyper out. You must remember that they are acting as recon, not as assault. It is hoped that they can be there and gone without the rebels suspecting a thing. The Fleet Commander has decided that the Infiltrator Wing is too low on resources to assist in the main attack."

PiETT paused as he noticed the puzzled looks on many of the officers faces. They were obviously wondering why the Sovereign wasn't leading the attack if it was to be such a big operation. He also noticed how the commodores of the Hammer and Warrior looked slightly dissatisfied because they had not been chosen to participate.

PiETT continued, "The Sovereign, along with the Grey Wolf, Intrepid and Aggressor will be spread throughout various systems in an effort to trick the New Republic into thinking we are not serious about capturing the planet. It is hoped this will decrease the amount of New Republic forces stationed in the planet's defence. However, the Sovereign will not be getting out of this easily, it is supplying an entire wing of fighters."

PiETT glanced over to the Hammer and Warrior commodores and said, "The Star Destroyers Hammer and Warrior have the privilege of holding station here at Aurora to protect the Emperor's Hammer home world. You will be on full alert, because if security is breached and the rebels uncover our plans there is a good chance they may strike. The Fleet Commander is taking no chances."

PiETT hoped that this would soften the feeling of rejection the two officers must have felt. When both nodded in understanding of the plan it seemed as if they knew they did have important job to do, even though they weren't directly involved with the attack.

"The only Auroran Home Guard forces to accompany the Challenge will be two Victory Class Star Destroyers, the Crusader and the Shield," explained PiETT. "The rest will be stationed here with the Hammer and Warrior."

PiETT stood up and walked over to the nearest window. Out in the deathly realm of space hundreds of the Challenge support craft went about their business. He back to his officers, who had remained strangely quiet, and looked over to Torres, "One of the Wing X squadrons will be required to hyper in aboard a freighter before the rest of the fleet. It is hoped that this squadron can launch and create some state of confusion amongst the rebel forces. Then we will strike and destroy them all when they least expect it. I leave the decision of which squadron in your capable hands, Major Torres."

"Yes sir, I'll deal with it immediately."

PiETT took note of the time then said, "The entire force of the two Battle Groups will be arriving in exactly six hours. After I brief them the Bismarck will be given the word and the operation will commence. You have your orders. Dismissed."

Torres made his way down past the empty pilot's bar to the pilot's mess hall. The pilots he was looking for would be in there or at the combat chamber. He had decided that Typhoon squadron would launch the surprise attack from the freighter, but because of the extreme dangers of the mission Torres would speak to the pilots informally about it. He also decided that Cyclone squadron would provide immediate cover for Typhoon the instant the rest of the force arrived. Torres was a pilot himself once, and he wanted his old friends to know he still knew how it could feel when you were basically told to die for the success of one operation. And Torres was sure that even though all the Wing X squadrons could fly, Typhoon was probably the most experienced and would stand the best chance of survival in that situation. The Typhoon commander, Major Maverick Tapsell, was one of the longest serving pilots in the entire wing. Although not in the same squadron as Maverick, Torres had flown with him countless times.

Torres walked into the mess hall. Some of the pilots were scattered around, doing this or that. A few of them were playing sport, some were having friendly sparring contests, another group were playing Sabaac. Torres was shocked at how unfamiliar many of the faces were, and how young they looked. Coming across veteran pilots these days was becoming harder and harder with the immense casualties being inflicted on both sides in the war. Moving his way further into the mess hall, Torres searched for Maverick or the Cyclone commander, Tad

Taliesin.

"Looking for someone sir?"

Torres turned to see a young pilot with a Typhoon insignia attached to his uniform. Just his luck.

"Yes," Torres replied. "And you may be able to help me. I am looking for your commander."

"He's in the combat chamber, sir."

Torres nodded to himself, he should have known. "Thankyou...." he trailed off when he realised he didn't know the pilots name.

"Lieutenant Dan, sir."

"Thankyou, Lieutenant Dan," said Torres, turning to head for the combat chamber.

"Sir," said Dan just before Torres reached the exit. "Is it true that we've got something big coming up?"

Torres sighed and paused before saying, "Let me put it this way, if I were you I'd be in the combat chamber practising every chance I had."

Taking one last look around the mess hall, Torres had a feeling that many of these faces would have to be replaced.

The young Lieutenant Dan was not lying. Sure enough, Maverick and Tad sat in the combat chamber shooting and dodging the imaginary ships. Torres interrupted them and explained the situation.

"Sir, if you don't mind me saying, this plan is crazy," said Maverick, who was rather shocked at the whole situation. "It won't make a difference to the operation if we attack from a freighter. It will just be another senseless waste of lives."

Torres nodded, he understood what Maverick was saying, "Mav, remember that I don't make these decisions. It was made by someone a lot more powerful than I'll ever be."

"I know, it's just that I don't think the newbies will be able to handle it."

"Every squadron is the same, Maverick," explained Torres. "Veterans are becoming harder and harder to come across. You know that."

Tad turned to Maverick. "And you also know you can count on us."

Maverick sighed. He new his squadron and Tad's had been chosen to complete a dangerous job. Instead of feeling like he was being sent to his death, he should have only been thinking about getting the job done. Getting the job done for the Empire.

"Okay, okay," said Maverick, his renewed sense of encouragement shining through. "We'll get the job done."

"Good, Maverick. Briefing at seventeen hundred hours. Tell your pilots informally if you wish for them to know before my briefing. It'll let the rookies come to grips with themselves. You know as well as I do that a nervous pilot makes mistakes."

Tad and Maverick saluted and made for their squadron's barracks. Torres stepped into the combat chamber and relived some old memories.

* * * * *

To be continued.....

Imperial Navy Pilot Record

Personal Background information
(Imperial Security Bureau)

Name: Nebular

Rank: Sub-Lieutenant

Current Assignment: TIE Corps- Wing I, Lambda Squadron

Scandoc Transmission Code (E-Mail): TMA_0@mindless.com

Sex (M/F): Male

Race: Human (because of unknown past race has yet to be determined conclusively)

Date of Birth: Unknown

Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): Unknown

Marital Status (Single, Married, Divorced, Separated): Single

Family: Unknown

Social Status (Destitute, Poor, Well-to-do, Wealthy, Nobility): Well-to-do

Quote: "Nobody touches my ship."

Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: Unknown

Significant Events of Adulthood: Found unconscious in a transport in an unoccupied star system. When brought to Nebular suffered from complete amnesia, he had no idea who he was, where he came from or why he was in the transport.

Alignment & Attitude: Nebular is a hot shot. He takes many unnecessary risks that often endanger his craft and his life. However he is always watchful of the other members of his squadron and never endangers their lives through his unconventional tactics. It is also felt that Nebular is an extremely gifted pilot and if he tries harder could achieve much more.

Nebular is also somewhat eccentric. He isn't very social to strangers and it is hard to become his friend. He often spends time staring out the Sovereign windows brooding or working on his fighter. He also works on various projects but he never seems to complete them. He is also insubordinate at times.

It is felt that some of these issues stem from his amnesia.

Former Occupations (if any): Unknown

Hobbies: General programming. Minor electronics. Ship Design. Combat sim. Modifying Missile Boat. Washing windows. Shooting rats.

Tragedies: None since found

Phobias & Allergies: Allergies unknown. Phobias unknown as of yet but it is felt that they will emerge with time.

Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): "Over all I figure that the Empire is going to win out in the end, I just want to be on the right side when it happens" "The strike fleet? It's the best fleet in the galaxy and the rebels are damn fools to go up against it"

Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: "It seemed that they needed me"

Other comments or information (optional): Nebular is one of the few pilots who actually owns his fighter. 6 months after he was found, Nebular met up with an arms dealer that had a very rare commodity: an old beat up, battle worn, falling apart, missile boat. Nebular bought it and began to fix it up. After about 6 months Nebular had it with repairs and decided to try it out. His hyperdrive was at half power, his SLAM was unreliable at best and he had no ordinance. So he loaded the ship with blank missiles and lasers and set out. He flew right at a star destroyer in an attack pattern firing his blanks off and scoring direct hits on the ship. Then after the ship returned fire and sent out it's TIEs Nebular was able to evade capture and avoid major damage to his ship. He then christened his fighter "The Slippery Pig" and joined the TIE corps.

Nebular has also had some dealings with the command staff of the Sovereign. Soon after his promotion to Lieutenant and after returning from an almost suicide mission, Nebular walked up to Admiral Kramer and hit him square in the face believing that he was responsible for the mission. Later on after being summoned to the Admiral's office, he learned that it was the

mistake of the Intelligence Division and not his. Kramer having learned of Nebular's mistake was lenient with him. Nebular was demoted to the rank of Sub-lieutenant given ten lashes and sentenced to 3 months in the brig.

I hereby confirm that the above information is legitimate and accurate to the best of my knowledge.

Signature: Nebular

FM/SL Nebular/LAMBDA-3-3/Wing I/SSSD Sov, (Gren),

APP (Sith)/Dorimad Sol of Scholae Palatinae

Date: Dec. 16th 1998

Stalker Squadron

"Welcome, Sir." Lieutenant Commander Adams stood in front of a row consisting of the rest of Stalker's members. They were in hangar bay two, where Commander George has just arrived. The Lambda-class Shuttle was powering down and the new Squadron Commander had made his way to the three Stalker pilots. Now he salutes and took a look at them.

"Hello. I am Commander George. I am the new CMDR of Stalker Squad." He took a look around and then came back to the three men waiting before him. He seemed to be a little confused.

"Is this all?", he asked while pointing at Adams and his 'attachés'. "Only three men? And I thought there were more..."

"I'm sorry, Sir, but recent transfers and AWOLs have knocked us down. Until three days we were only two but then Commander Mike came back. He managed to get off a four months capture by Airam pirates."

Commander George took a look at him. Commander Michael stand still and took a careful look at his new CMDR. George seemed to be strict and just. Exactly the type someone would make to Squadron Commander. Hell, we'll have much fun with him... thought Mike with sarcasm.

"You're the Flight Leader of Flight III, aren't you? You're flying the Phalanx Gunboat." Commander George had folded his arms behind his back and examined the Flight Leader.

"Yes, Sir." Anger rose in Commander Michael. When he came back the shattered ruins of Stalker Squadron lied before him and somebody had taken away his modified TIE Defender. He had spend much time in modifying his TIE. At the end it was almost as good as one of the new TIE Guardians. Even better. Why the hell does he say that? Does he know I hate these damned Phalanx Gunboats? Does he want to anger me? I don't know...

Commander George turned back to the whole group: "You are dismissed. I will move into my quarter very soon. Then I'll be available for any questions and comments." He saluted once again as the other three men did. Then George left the hangar bay.

"What do ya think of him?" Lieutenant Archer was the first who broke silence after their new Squadron Commander had left the hangar bay. Archer was a type of Academy guy. These young guys who think that war acts according to any laws or any probabilities. Mike wondered if Archer sleeps with his academy books under his pillow instead, as anybody else on the Avenger, with his Blaster gun.

Lieutenant General Adams turned around: "He's our new CMDR. That's all I have to know." Then he walked towards the hangar doors and out of the hangar bay.

Archer took a look at Commander Michael. "What do you say, Mike?"

The Flight Leader looked at the hangar doors where George had left and then adjusts his look

at Archer. "I think we have a Squadron Commander who'll do surprise inspections with our quarters and a Flight Leader who'll assist him."

"You don't seem to have a high opinion from both our new CMDR and Adams. Let's give them BOTH a chance." They both laughed and then walked towards the doors. "Let's have a drink at the Cantina."

ACTING CMDR/CM Michael/Stalker 3-1/Wing I/SSD Avenger

EH Propaganda Speech

Characters: One young boy (William).

One Imperial Officer (William later on in life).

One Imperial Officer (Robert).

About twenty 'extras'.

Scene 1: Robert is with the extras and they are sheltering in a bomb shelter. Their city is being orbitally bombarded.

Robert: (Escorting an old woman into the shelter). There you go madam.
Suddenly, Robert spots a young boy who is still outside the shelter.

Robert: (Runs out and saves kid. As he puts kid in shelter, a bomb explodes nearby and kills him) Arghhhhh!!!

William: Noooo!!!!

Scene changes to Imperial Academy on Auora Prime. William is here with some other recruits and is an Imperial Officer now. He turns to face the camera...

William: I'm now an Imperial Officer. I became one to show Robert that I cared. I cared about what the universe is becoming. I cared about the fact that Imperial Centre has been captured by the same rebel terrorists who killed so many people. The question is, do you care about what happens. Are you content with the awful yoke of the Rebellion or do you want peace and order. If it's peace and order, then rise up I tell you! RISE UP AND FIGHT FOR ALL THAT IS JUST AND HONOURABLE IN THIS GEAT UNIVERSE OF OURS! RISE UP AND FIGHT FOR ALL THOSE SILENT HEROES WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES FOR US! RISE UP FOR ALL THOSE PARENTS KILLED WHILE TRYING TO PROTECT THEIR CHILDREN! RISE UP FOR ALL THOSE CHILDREN WHO WERE MURDERED ANYWAY! RISE UP FOR ALL THE CITIZENS WHOSE LIVES WERE CUT SHORT! RISE UP FOR PEACE!!!

Go to your Imperial Recruitment centre and join the Empire. I need you. Robert needs you to continue the Empire's dream of a New Order. The Emperor is dead. Don't let peace and justice go with him.

Done by LT George

FM/LT George/Kaph 1-3/Wing IV/SSSD Sov [Grenadier] – [XvT]

GRD(Sith)/ Dorimad Sol of Scholae Palatinae

{IWATS} {IWATS IIC/1} [GMRG:INI] ISM

Recruitment Speech For EH

Do you want a job that gives you an education and pays you at the same time? Do you want a job that lets you see the universe? Most importantly, do you want a job that gives you security? Is this what you look for in a job? The Imperial Navy will give you this and more. We have jobs for all sorts of professions. You could be a proud Stormtrooper. Those of you who have knowledge in the arts of space travel could be officers on one of our fine ships. You could even be a pilot and fly for the Empire. The Empire has been protecting us from the Rebellion for so long, but the fight has been difficult. Many young men and women have died for the cause. Let their sacrifice not be in vain. Our new leader, Grand Admiral Ronin, is systematically freeing annexed systems from the rebel tyranny. His leadership is like a guiding light that will free us in the end. 'But' I hear those of you with a high level education say 'Why should I give up my high paying job and join a Empire who has spent so much time fighting itself and not the Rebels'. The answer is simple; we should all help the Empire. It has sacrificed so much for us. Now, we must sacrifice for it. Those of you with a high skill level, high education or a long and distinguished career in the Imperial Navy could even join our elite force; The Emperor's Hammer! This force gives all its troops high paying jobs. You will be able to take command of regular troops. You will have the training to save lives and stop the rebellion. The Noghri know all about the Rebellion. The Rebels who left a ship in the atmosphere annexed their homeworld. This ship fell and nearly killed their civilisation. The remaining members of their race joined the Empire. They had the courage to fight the Rebellion; Do you?

However, don't think that joining the Empire is no fun either. While on duty, you must do your job, but off duty you can go out with friends. As a bonus, Grand Admiral Ronin promises that all Emperor's Hammer members who complete their tour of duty will receive free land on our new Imperial capital (Auora Prime). For more information, go to the Emperors Hammer main facility on Auora prime (It's co-ordinents are [Http://www.EmperorsHammer.org](http://www.EmperorsHammer.org)) The Imperial Navy needs new blood; It could be yours.

FM/LT George/Kaph 1-3/Wing IV/SSSD Sov – [XvT]
GRD (Sith) Dorimad Sol of Scholae Palatinae
{IWATS} [GMRG:INI] ISM

Surprise Attack.

“Alpha 2 & 3 break right and make it look as if you are fleeing”.” Roger Alpha 1 at your command”.

The wingmen began the apparent escape from the deadly volley of laser fire, Alpha 1 continued with his heavy bomb attack. Aiming. For the rebel cruisers shield generator. Despite heavy fire with careful use of the shield system Alpha 1 clawed his way closer and closer to the rebel starship. When at minimum range the pilot unloaded two heavy bombs right on top of the Lt cruiser Atabi.

Alpha 1 flew through the debris of the shield generator and without hesitation took aim at the nearest laser turret even as his targeting computer went down. “Alpha 1, To Alpha 2 & 3 attack the belly of the rebel now!”

The two wingmen turned at full engine boost with shields at maximum and drove straight in to the belly of the rebel cruiser, its shields down. With only minimal lasers coming to bear, both fighters released two heavy bombs as the "Atabi" tried to turn away, Too late for this cruiser though. The heavy bombs detonated together, four massive explosions ripping and tearing into the ship causing massive ruptures in the hull

Alpha 2 swept along the hull adding linked laser fire to help finish the job Alpha 3 swung off ready to fire more and watching out incase there were any rebel fighters left. Alpha 1 ordered them both to form up even as the Lt Cruiser Atabi disappeared in a massive explosion that shook all three Tie Advanced.

"That should make for an exciting debriefing film, Admiral Thrawn will be pleased!" "Aye skipper the Admiral will, " Replied Lt Atriedes in Alpha 2.

"All ships report back to the Hammer", was the order from the Frigate Hammer's flight officer, "And Alpha 1 Report immediately to the Admirals quarters".

Once aboard the Frigate Hammer Lt Halleck made his way to the Admirals office, while his team mates Atriedes and Idaho began the debriefing with the intelligence officer.

Admiral Thrawn his presence imposing and daunting looked up as Lt Halleck, entered behind the Admirals aid. "Sit Down Halleck and you may leave Jarvis". The aid left without a word and Halleck noticed the silence as Thrawn studied him. "You did well out their Lt".

"Thank you Sir. Halleck could barely say more with the fear of what might be coming. "

Because of your bravery today, You shall receive an extra pip for your sleeve." Gurney

Halleck was stunned, he didn't feel he had done anything exceptional, he was just doing his job. "That's not why you're here though, Could you handle another mission straight away?"

Gurney Halleck swallowed and face red looked straight at the Admiral. "Of course Sir, Whatever the Empire needs I give". "Well said Captain, " Halleck almost failed to notice and then the Admirals words struck him, He had been given a battle field promotion. "Thank you Admiral, thank you very much".

Gurney knew the extra pay would help his family back on Coruscant. The promotion would help his families prestige in the circle of Imperial hangers on. "LT along with the promotion I am sending you on a very important mission, something you can't discuss with your crew members or anyone except Major Trodd from the intelligence office, understood."

"Aye sir at your command". "Off with you then and good luck, Glory to the Empire". So swift was the dismissal Halleck barely noticed. Jarvis the aid showed him from the Admiral's quarters to the main corridor and without a word saluted solemly.

Walking from section to section in this great ship, Halleck felt elation and at the same time the reasonable fear of the unknown that any wise man feels. Yet he knew he was being given a tremendous opportunity to serve the Empire and to advance his career. After all a special operation for the Admiral was something not every one had the chance to be worthy off.

He knocked firmly on the Intelligence office door, a quick "Enter" and he stepped over the coming into the presence of Major Trodd, a thin gaunt man, who peered at Halleck over thin rimmed glasses. Be seated Captain, Congratulations on your promotion ". Trodd held his hand up and motioned to the holo tank between them. "No time for pleasantries Cpt."

Halleck nodded and without a chance to say anything, he allowed the prim officer to begin.

"We believe there is a large battle fleet somewhere in the area of Gieddi Prime. A number of scout ships have not returned from the area. You are going to take a captured X-wing and

dressed as a rebel pilot will do a long range recon and report to us what is in that region. Understood!” Gurney Halleck, newly minted Captain almost lost his composure “Surely, Sir, I will do my duty, but may I ask why I need to do this in a rebel fighter?” Trodd stood and walked closer to the holo table. Looking across its surface and then at the young officer he knew he was sending to his death. “We believe that this region may contain the largest rebel battle fleet we have ever encountered. This knowledge may well save the lives of many thousands of Imperial men and women. Also in a rebel fighter you may have enough time to send a secure coded transmission, before you are discovered”. Major Trodd waited for an acknowledgement and received the same very crisply.

“Aye sir, When do I leave and what must I do specifically?” Halleck tense with anticipation waited as the Major stared at the holo table. “You will fly X-wing Gold 1 to the preset coordinates and stooge about looking for any signs of the battle fleet. If you find it, you will attempt to signal us with the transponder in the modified R2 unit aboard your X-wing . It is a prototype and will only send one brief signal and you will do your best to get out of there and disappear until we come for you. No heroics ok!”.

“Aye Sir and when do I leave?” As soon as you have a meal and can get down to the flight deck, everything you need is aboard the X-wing as well as a few extra stim packs to keep you alert, you may be out there a long time. Any other questions?” Halleck swallowed and looking the Intelligence officer directly in the face he said “No Sir, I am ready to serve”. Major Trodd smiled, “On your way then and remember the best defense is to attack.” Thank you Sir” replied Gurney Halleck and without looking back he left heading straight to the flight deck, not wanting to bother with a meal.

The Next Phase...

Gurney was surprised to find the flight deck deserted, except for his own flight crew who quickly helped him suit up and familiarized him with the x-wings slight control differences. Swallowing a sim tab, he wished his crew well and the crew chief called out as the canopy closed “We will be waiting for you sir” Gurney waved in acknowledgement, not believing he would see his ship or crew again.

“Capt. Halleck”, sounded from the flight com, “You are clear to leave ship, we shall not have any communication with you until your signal arrives, roger?” Gurney heard the implied no radio traffic messages and clicked his radio button in response. He felt the launch arms drop his ship down through the belly of the mighty Hammer and as the grapples released he accelerated to 1/3 throttle and looking over his shoulder said a silent goodbye to his only real home.

Imperial pilots spend so much of their lives aboard ship it becomes home the crew the family and even when off duty they spend their hours in the recreation room or the flight sim chambers. A good pilot is always flying even if it’s only in the holo tank.

Hours passed and the drone of the x-wings engine was a comforting sound. Nothing showed on the CMD.

Halleck had heard no radio traffic of any kind. Even the modified R2 unit was not chirping. Halleck relived the halcyon training days, tough NCO’s chewing you out to make you jump when an order is given. Watching as young hopefuls washed out of training for so many reasons, not tough enough or loyal enough.

But he made it, despite his tendency to do things on his own he had learned how to be a team

player, as a matter of fact he wished he had his Alpha Flight with him now.

Halleck flew on in silence sometimes taking over from the autopilot and engaging in mock dogfights. Other times just pushing the x-wing to its maximum and having to grudgingly admit it was a good craft to fly. He knew that in the hands of a capable pilot an X-wing was very hard to hit.

Back on autopilot Gurney Halleck slept trusting The R2 unit the long-range scanner to warn him anything troublesome.

“X-wing Identify yourself!” Halleck woke startled and almost replied with his Alpha 1 call sign, remembering just in time where he was. Gold 1 lost and lonely, who is that “? This is Delta Squadron out of the Mon Calamari Heavy Cruiser Strident, What ship are you from laddie?”

“Regretfully, I am the only survivor of the Cruiser Atabi, destroyed two days ago” “You for real man how did you get away”? Came the quick testing reply. “ I was disabled in a small minefield and just drifting, when the Imperials just left. When I managed to get my engines online I destroyed enough mines to get out and heading away from the area incase the Imperials came back for a look. I didn’t know where to head so I just flew this way, since I don’t have hyperspace capability just now and my R2 unit is acting up too.”

“Well, you just follow us and we’ll get you somewhere safe, but leave your weapons offline like a good little fella, ok”. Sure only my left laser cannon is working any how and I don’t have any torpedoes left”.

Delta Squadron’s commander could put his finger on it but he wasn’t quite sure about the pilot in Gold 1, yet his answers seemed natural and his ship sure had been in one helluva fight that was obvious. Still, better to be safe than sorry. Although what one fighter could do against the battle fleet ahead he couldn’t imagine.

Captain Gurney Halleck swallowed another stim tab and some cold coffee, and nearly choked as his CMD sprang to life. Telling him of a mass of hundreds of ships ahead, Frigates, old Dreadnoughts Calamari Battle Cruisers, and Correllian Corvettes lined up in rows. Troop transports Cargo ferries. Halleck had never seen a display of such size even in the shipyards of Coruscant.

Gurney knew something big was about to happen, and he had his orders. Primary mission was to advise the Hammer of this monster fleets position and that was that. The rebel fighters seemed to be leading him to the dreadnought he identified as the Goliath, a long time ago it had been an Imperial Navy ship, apparent from the badly painted over Navy logo.

With few choices Gurney activated the sender built into the R2 unit and it screamed its head off for 60 seconds and then abruptly shot a great ball of flame and sparks. The other pilots all swung into an attack posture and Halleck believed this was the time to die. “What the hell was that Pilot?” Gurney presumed it was the flight leader asking. “ Who knows it took a few bad hits and it seems totally dead now, its been doing that ever since we left the battle zone”.

Gurney was ready for almost anything now. “ You had better shut everything down, NOW, Do you copy, I will call a transport to tow you into the hangar of the Goliath, Roger”.

“Roger and thanks”. Gurney knew that once aboard the Goliath he would be discovered quickly, waiting till the rebel fighters were well into the landing pad and the transport was heading for him, he brought engines and weapons online. “ Gold 1 what are you playing at?” “ I am just testing to see if I have any maneuvering power left boss” “You don’t need weapons online for that now shut down all systems or we will do it for you!”

Halleck not wishing to give to much away shut down his weapons systems but let his engines build and before he could be stopped Gurney selected full throttle and flew straight at the

dreadnought Goliath. Loading the last torpedo he locked on the launch bay and even as light fire came at him fired and at close range saw the torpedo enter the hangar and felt the blast as it detonated inside the large rebel ship.

Fighters were being launched from all over this massive fleet and as he saw explosion ripping through the Goliath, the first real attacks began, x-wings and A-wings converged as his fighter surged in and around the closely parked enemy ships. Many could not fire for fear of hitting their own. Some took the risk any way

Halleck had one chance and only one. He had to fire up his Hyperdrive, doing so this close to so many ships could tear him apart or even destroy some of them. Gurney didn't care better to go out like that than to be taken prisoner. He brought the engines up even as he dodged and weaved through seemingly unending lines of ships.

He saw ion bolts ripping past and new time was short. Without any more hesitation and finding a gap Gurney engaged his Hyperdrive and as the auto control took over he felt and saw laser hits. The stars blurred and thrown back in his seat Gurney swallowed feeling the transition of here to there. He breathed; slowly his ship was still together, yet he had felt a tearing or explosion of some kind. Gurney passed out as he realized he had indeed been hit. Something large had sliced through his suit into his left knee.

Waking, dim lights surround him and the med chamber hums and soothes him. "You will be ok pilot" a disembodied voice reassured. "Where am I?" He croaked at the wall. "Aboard the Imperial Star Destroyer hammer your base ship" Thank the Emperor for that ",

"You were found drifting along way from here by a spy probe and we picked you up on our way to interdict some rebel fleet, but when we arrived other than some debris a and a few life pods we found nothing. The fleet must have left in a big hurry "

" Thanks, How long will I be here? " You can get up and go back to your quarters but take it easy ok!"

"Sure, Sure, gingerly Gurney raised his aching body, no sign of the wound, just a sore head from too many stim tabs. As he left the med bay a cheering and yelling began as He saw his comrades race to grab him and lift him high over the re heads. His teammates Paul Atreides Yelled over the noisy crowd, " The Admiral says to rest for the rest of the day and to see him at 600 hrs Ok and he added a thank you to that. Boy do you know what happened out here?" Gurney a bit stunned by all the noise and fuss shook his head.

"We found the remains of five or so cruisers and transports and we captured a nearly full squadron of A-wings dead in space. It looks as though someone activated a Hyperdrive engine inside the rebel fleet"!

It was the only chance I had After I found the fleet, I was getting chased by more rebels than I have ever seen before" The crowd roared and yelled until an officer ordered some quiet and said to keep it that way till they were in the recreation room.

While everyone celebrated Gurney sat with Paul and told the story as it happened and despite the slaps on the back and the offer of drinks, he remained calm for he knew the bulk of the fleet, that huge enemy fleet was still out there somewhere. Waiting.

THE END FOR NOW.

Author: Gurney Halleck

ID Line: SL/FM Halleck/Tav 3-2/Wing VI/SSSD Sovereign

Wind howled up through the narrow chasm, air-borne snow swirling in its turbulent wake. It was mid-winter in the Auroran highlands, and well below freezing at this altitude, but the four pilots

climbing up the snow chute were discomfited not in the least. They wore arctic enviro-suits and high-altitude re-breathers. The entire ensemble was well insulated, heated, and light-weight -- in fact, the enviro-suits weighed less than the old-fashioned skis and personal supplies that each carried. Fatigue was not a major issue on this climb, even at an altitude of 4000 meters, as the re-breathers provided sea-level oxygen content. The chute was located far above the upper lift of the Gastelum Ski Resort, a few hundred meters above the tree-line. Locals called it Devaronian's Run. Lieutenant Stryker paused a moment, breathing deeply, and examined his surroundings. Snow was deep and powdery between the craggy rock walls, which were separated by an

average distance of perhaps twenty meters. The walls of the chasm didn't appear to be particularly close-set from his present perspective. But that would change once they were skiing down the snow chute at speeds approaching 100 kilometers per hour, literally flying over mounds of snow and drifts that extended into the center of the chute. "Pappy would've loved this," he breathed softly into his face-mask microphone. Colonel Synjin Erebor Hades halted his climb and looked down-slope toward Stryker. "Indeed he would," Hades swept his gaze down the chasm toward the upper end of the commercial ski resort nearly a kilometer below, admiring the stark beauty of the mountain through a momentary lull in the blowing snow, "indeed he would."

Commander Brie paused to look down as well, "Indeed he will. Pappy will be as good as new in no time."

Colonel Tron Dlarit swept his arm forward in an exaggerated gesture, "Come on people. I want to make another run after this one." Tron and Brie resumed their climb.

Hades gently needled Tron, "Ah, the exuberance of youth," and waited as Stryker climbed towards him.

Stryker chuckled, "What's your hurry, Tron?"

"It'll be dark in a couple of hours."

Stryker shrugged, although none but Hades saw it, "So? You've long since mastered Instinctive Astrogation."

Hades laughed out loud and fell in beside Stryker as Tron responded with feigned irritation, "It's more fun when I can see the boulder I'm about to smash into."

Commander Lacey strode purposefully toward the Grand Master's briefing room aboard the Super Star Destroyer Avenger.

The summons had come in the midst of her mid-day workout, and she had had to rush to be showered and dressed in time for the briefing. She met Colonel Daavak "Tronsta" Tron in the hallway outside the briefing room. She saluted, then asked "Any idea what's going on, Colonel?"

Tronsta shook his head, "Not really, but Shadow thinks it may be about that missing transport. We'll find out soon enough." Tronsta stepped between the two motionless Sovereign Protectors flanking the door and thumbed the annunciator.

"Enter, Colonel Tron and Commander Lacey." The voice emanating from the annunciator panel was unmistakably that of the Grand Master.

Tronsta glanced at Lacey with a raised eyebrow, "I didn't announce who we were."

Lacey smiled slightly, "He always does that. Besides, we're probably the last ones here. He

doesn't even need the Force to guess who we are."
Tronsta grunted assent and led the way into the briefing room.

Brie was the first to respond to the irritating chime of the long-range communicator -- irritating not because of its sound, but rather because it represented an official intrusion into their shore leave. Tron and Hades switched in to the long-range channel to monitor the conversation. Stryker rolled his eyes in disgust and listened to Brie's side of the conversation over the local frequency, "Commander Brie ... Yes sir, they're here ... Acknowledged ... Understood ... The Gastelum Ski Resort, up in Devaronian's Run ... Acknowledged, Commander Brie out."

Brie glanced around at the others. Hades gazed thoughtfully into the distance and Tron muttered something under his breath. Stryker waited a moment, then asked, "Well? What's the bad news?"

Brie turned to Stryker, but it was Tron who spoke, "Shore leave's cut short. They're sending a transport to pick us up. We've got maybe twenty minutes."

Stryker looked down the mountain toward the ski lodge far below at the base of the ski slope. He couldn't see more than a fraction of the distance down the chute through the blowing snow. Even if he could, the lodge itself would not be visible past the flank of the mountain, "It'll take over an hour to get back to the lodge and round up our gear."

Hades shook his head, "We'll have to send someone to get our stuff. They're planning to rendezvous with us on the mountain, and take us directly to Eos."

Stryker nodded, "So ... what now?"

A moment of silence, then Tron

offered, "I say we climb another ten minutes, then ski down. We're nearly at the top of the chute anyway. We can at least finish this run before we go." The plan met with general approval, and the four pilots began climbing again.

Ten minutes later

Tron announced, "That's good enough. Let's ski!" Everyone halted and began unstrapping their skis from their backpacks. Stryker freed his skis from their carrying straps and shoved them down into the snow, tips up, then began removing his snowshoes. T

h

the wind was still blowing stiffly up the chute, stirring up the snow, but visibility was nearly two hundred meters. Snowpack was deep this year, and they'd passed several avalanche warning beacons on the way up, but they'd seen no evidence of instability so far. Within five minutes they were ready to go.

Tron looked around, then announced, "Ready?"

Hades and Stryker nodded, and Brie replied, "Ready as I'll ever be!"

Tron shoved off and headed straight down the chute. Brie followed a few seconds later. Stryker looked at Hades, and Hades spoke, "I'll run drag."

Stryker nodded, "Okay," and shoved off. He tucked in low, knees bent, and headed down slope, gathering speed at a frightful pace. There was little room here for maneuvering to shed speed, b

ut the long smooth slope below the chute provided plenty of space for decelerating. Stryker had been skiing for less than a minute when an unknown voice announced over the local frequency, "Transport Delta Three to Tau pilots. Request rendezvous coordinates."

Hades replied, his voice punctuated by involuntary exhalations as he pounded across drifts and moguls at speed, "The broad slope below Devaronian's Run. About a kilometer below

Hoeg's Peak, on the East side."

"Roger, Tau. I'll circle around and meet you there in three minutes. Delta Three out." The heavens were split by a thunderous concussion a few seconds later as Delta Three passed overhead well in excess of the speed of sound.

"Damn, son. What the Hoth do you think you're doing, going supersonic this close to an inhabited area?" Hades bellowed over the echoing din, clearly displeased.

"This is a priority pickup. Time is of the essence," Delta Three replied nonchalantly. His words were followed by a low rumble. An ominously growing rumble. The snowpack around them was becoming unstable, beginning to slide. Stryker glanced back at Hades, about thirty meters back, and saw a mountain of churning snow following a hundred meters behind.

Stryker swung his gaze back to the fore, "Hades, you've got company."

"I know."

Brie, seventy or eighty meters ahead, shouted excitedly, "Avalanche! We've got an avalanche!"

Stryker tucked a little lower and shouted, "Keep skiing. Faster!"

Tron was within a minute of exiting the chute, and was thinking about what to do when he did, "Break left when you're through. Hard left! The ridge should shield us from the avalanche!"

Stryker glanced back again. The avalanche was gaining on them. Tron and Brie would probably clear the avalanche, but he and Hades weren't going to make it.

Colonel Kaerner, their Squadron Commander and the Knight Commander of the Brotherhood, was already there, along with Colonel Corran and Commander TieDie from Flight 1. The other members of

their flight, Colonel Shadow and Commander Binagran, were there as well. Grand Master Khyron gestured for them to be seated, and began the briefing, "As you know, I have been awaiting the arrival of a certain transport from New Republic space. This transport, the *Hansche*,

is nearly three weeks overdue. Dark Jedi patrols have been sent out to sweep all known approaches to Aurora." He gestured to the pilots in the room, "My envoys have been sent out into the Fleet to debrief TIE Corps patrols. All to no avail ... until now."

Khyron stepped to the side and activated the holoprojector. The overhead lights dimmed, casting the periphery of the room into shadow, "This is a recording of a sensor blip at extreme range, detected by sensor post A-87. The object's radiation signature is consistent with dark matter in near equilibrium with the interstellar environment. No transponder signal and no response to communications signals. No emissions consistent with an active power plant. Surface temperature of about

forty-five Kelvin. Size is uncertain, but no larger than fifty meters in length. Correlation of optical and gravitic data indicate that the object is moving at nearly six-hundred kilometers per second on a rough course for the Aurora system, and it appears to be in a three-axis tumble." Khyron paused, expectantly.

After a few moments of silence, Colonel Shadow spoke, "No radiation and no attitude control. If it's a ship, it's dead."

Colonel Tronsta added, "Sensor data is inconclusive. It could be anything ... a remnant from a nearby supernova millions of years ago."

Khyron shook his head and spoke with a certainty not borne of the observational data alone, "It is not planetary debris. It is a transport. It is *the* transport. Colonel

Kaerner." Th

e Dark Lord of the Sith stepped into the shadows as Kaerner stood and moved to the speaker's dais.

"All right, people. We are going to board that transport. But first, we have to catch it." Kaerner activated a star map of nearby space. The holoprojector displayed a three-dimensional sphere about four lightyears across, with Aurora in the center. Sensor posts and navigation buoys were displayed, as were the current whereabouts of the *Avenger* and other capital ships within a two-lightyear radius of Aurora. The projected course of the

dead transport was displayed in orange, flaring into a narrow cone at the end nearest Aurora. "As you can see, course projections for the *Hansche*

are none too accurate. It passed A-87 at extreme range and at such velocity that it was only detectable for a few seconds. Flight two," Kaerner gestured to Flight Leader Shadow, "your task is to refine our course projections. You will take a flight of TIE Defenders out along the current projected course, hyperjumping to a point ahead of the *Hansche* and waiting for it to pass. You will spread out to extreme sensor range from one another, in a plane perpendicular to the *Hansche*'s flight path. Use a diamond pattern. When one or more of you detects the *Hansche*, your sensor data

will be used to revise the course projection. Repeat this procedure until you have refined the transport's course and position to a projected error of no more than a few meters per hour. "Meanwhile, we are preparing a fast YT-1300 for the intercept mission. It appears that the crew of the *Hansche*

expended nearly a full tank of fuel in continuous thrust to reach zero-point-two percent of lightspeed. We don't know why they did this, but it is obvious that a starfighter's fuel supply is too limited to overtake the *Hansche*, and a heavy transport or a capitol ship would require days to reach this velocity. So, we'll use a fast, light transport equipped with auxiliary fuel tanks. Once we have your best course and position projections, we will compute an intercept that will allow us to hyperjump to a point ahead of the *Hansche*, and accelerate to meet it. Any questions?"

Lacey spoke up immediately, "Sir. A starfighter's sensor range is much less than that of a sensor post. How will we be able to improve on the initial course projection from A-87?" "Simple. We will not rely solely upon a single observation to determine the transport's course. If the *Hansche* is truly drifting free, without propulsion or course correction, we really don't need anything other than a precise measurement of its location and the time of the observation. A few such observations will give us the information we need to project an accurate course for the transport. For this purpose, a brief detection of its presence will suffice.

Any other questions?"

Commander Binagran stood, "Sir. Are we supposed to project the course ourselves? So we can jump to the right place for the next detection." Binagran seated himself as Kaerner responded, "You can, if you wish. But the flight computers on the four Defenders are being reprogrammed to perform the course projections automatically. All you need to do is transmit your sensor data to your fellow Flight members and flag it for the computer. The rest is automatic. Anything else?"

Colonel Corran spoke, thoughtfully, "That transport is moving pretty fast, and it won't be in sensor range more than a few seconds. Not much time to react if you happen to be in its

flight path."

Kaerner nodded, "Yes, quite so. We are programming a suitable collision avoidance subroutine into your flight computers, but you will need to engage it manually, and it requires that the autopilot be active. It is a useful tool, but I would not entrust my life to it. Far better to be not in the `{\i\cgrid0 Hansche}{\cgrid0` 's flight path, hmmm? Anything else?"

Kaerner waited a few moments, then continued, "The Defenders you will fly for this mission are being prepped now. I will meet you on the Special Ops flight deck in fifteen minutes. Dismissed."

Stryker breathed deeply and began the familiar focusing exercises, "Hades. The snow is slowing us down. We need to spend more time in the air ... how are your levitation skills?" Any Jedi who had achieved the rank of Jedi Knight or above could demonstrate t

e lekinetic control. However, most Jedi found that sliding a wine flask across a table or levitating a pebble were far easier tasks than levitating one's self. Even Jedi Masters struggled with self-levitation, particularly when the surroundings were not conducive to calmness and focus.

"Adequate unto the task, Stryker. Adequate unto the task." A few moments of concentration and clarity, and the two Dark Jedi began jumping farther each time they hit a mogul or drift, spending more time in the air, accelerating downward.

"I see the avalanche, Tau. Is there anything I can do to assist?" Delta Three was still irritatingly nonchalant. Stryker bit off an angry retort. No one else offered an opinion either.

\par Tron exited the chute and broke left, his s

kis showering snow, followed a moment later by Brie, with Stryker and Hades hard on her heels. Stryker leaned hard left, his left ski nearly a half-meter higher on the slope than his right, carefully balancing to get the optimal bite out of his skis. He

and Hades were traveling significantly faster than Brie and Tron, and it took care to get just enough bite to turn hard without scrubbing off too much speed.

Stryker heaved a deep sigh as the avalanche thundered past behind him. He slid to a stop twent

y or thirty meters downslope from Brie and Tron, and turned to watch the avalanche. It was magnificently awe-inspiring. Visibility was good here, outside the chute. `{\i\cgrid0 Hoth!}{\cgrid0`

The telepathic shout was powerful. Stryker snapped his gaze downslope and saw a single ski tumbling in the near edge of the avalanche.

"Hades!" Stryker leaped upward and twisted a quarter-turn clockwise so that his skis were pointed downslope when he touched down. Tron and Brie were already on their way.

Binagran had worn his flightsuit to the briefing, so he was on the Special Ops flight deck in less than ten minutes. Flight deck

personnel were all over four TIE Defenders on the near side of the deck. Power cables and refueling hoses were in place on each of the Defenders, and two of them still had techs at work in the cockpits. `{\i\cgrid0 Running pre-flight checks, I hope}{\cgrid0`

, Binagran thought to himself. The flight deck literally buzzed with activity, and reverberated to the occasional clang of metal-to-metal imp

act. He saw Colonel Corran and Commander TieDie near a matte-black YT-1300 on the far side of the deck. Flight deck techs were in the process of attaching a pair of large external fuel tanks to the upper hull of the transport.

Binagran trotted over to the spot where Corran and TieDie were studying a document of some kind, "Hey, guys. This the intercept bird?"

Corran and TieDie both looked up, and TieDie answered, "Yep. Sure is."

"Those battered old Navy Gray fuel tanks don't look so hot on that black hull," Binagran observed.

TieDie nodded, and Corran replied, "They don't need to look good. They just need to hold enough fuel to get us to the intercept and back home."

"Are you bringing the Hansche back with you?"

Corran shook his head, "We haven't been briefed on the boarding operation yet. But probably not. Based on the Hansche's

nominal mass, and an optimal intercept operation, we'll only have enough fuel to slow her down to about a hundred kilometers per second." Corran paused a moment

, then continued, "We could slow her down a little more if we didn't care about getting home ourselves."

"If you're not bringing the Hansche back, what are you boarding for?"

Corran shrugged, and repeated, "We haven't been briefed on that yet."

"Yeah ... well, who's on the boarding team?"

"I think everyone is, except Flight two. Two transports were sent to Aurora. One to pick up Jupe at a tropical ocean resort, and another to pick up the rest on a ski slope."

TieDie gestured toward the far side of the deck before Binagran could formulate another question, "Looks like Kaerner's waiting for you."

Binagran looked back over his shoulder, and saw Kaerner beckoning with the universal 'come here' gesture. The rest of Flight two was gathered around Kaer

ner. Binagran uttered a brief, "Good hunting," before trotting back across the deck to his Flight group.

"Welcome to the party, Commander," Kaerner greeted him as he approached. Turning to address the other members of Flight two, Kaerner continued, "Y

our flight plan has been uploaded to your flight computers. Remember, the intercept operation can not succeed unless you succeed, so get out there and get it done. Be careful. Dismissed!"

Kaerner walked toward the intercept transport as Flight two scrambled into the four TIE Defenders.

All three were digging energetically. They could all sense that Hades was conscious, but fading. The avalanche was below them now, headed for the ski resort, and only small amounts of snow were sliding down

past them. "I found a leg!" Brie shouted excitedly. Tron and Stryker shifted position slightly and began excavating Hades' torso.

"I'm coming in just down hill from you."

"Acknowledged, Delta Three," Tron replied flatly, still digging.

They had Hades free and gulping great lungfulls of air by the time the transport settled into the snow a few meters down slope. Hades pulled off his face-mask and panted into the clear cold air, "I'm ... going to '85 kill him."

Stryker gripped Hades' left biceps, "Are you all right? Anything broken?" Hades shook his head in negation.

Tron held up three fingers, "How many fingers do you see?" Hades held up three fingers of his own.

"What's your name?"

"Hades."

"Full name."

"Synjin Erebor ... Hades," Hades replied breathlessly.

"What's my name?" Tron dodged back as Hades grunted and struck out with a half-hearted back-fist.

"Hades," Brie spoke gently and slowly, as if to a dim-witted child, "you will breath easier

with your face-mask on."

Hades shook his head, "Free ... is better." His respiration was slowing rapidly to normal. The transport's boarding ramp dropped down and the hatch slid open. A TIE Corps pilot appeared in the open hatch, shivering, and shouted, "In here. Hurry!"

The four Tauians struggled through the deep, loose snow, no longer wearing their skis and not willing to spend the time to put on their snow shoes.

Stryker and Tron assisted Hades, who was still breathing heavily. Hades stalked directly into the trans

port, once out of the snow and on the boarding ramp. The other three stomped the snow from their boots before entering. Once inside, the pilot closed the hatch and moved forward. Hades was already shrugging out of his pack. The other three pulled their face-masks off and followed suit.

Stryker was just beginning to remove his pack when Hades started toward the cockpit with a murderous look in his eye. Stryker leapt forward and grabbed one arm, "Colonel, it can wait."

Hades partially rounded on him, and looked ready to fight. Tron stepped in and grabbed Hades' free arm, "Take it easy, Hades. There are better ways."

The pilot, oblivious to his danger, called back from the cockpit, "Strap in. I lift in sixty seconds."

Hades growled in frustrati

on, then nodded and took a seat, digging in an inner pocket for his pipe. He filled the bowl of the old wooden pipe, tamped the weed with a finger, and lit it. The cabin was filling with the aroma of burning pipe weed as they lifted off. An irritating alarm sounded, then the pilot announced, "It's against regulations to smoke in an Imperial transport."

Stryker glanced over at Hades and saw a clenched jaw and angry eyes. Unbuckling, Stryker stood and moved into the cockpit. The pilot glanced up in surprise. Stryker gestured at the empty co-pilot seat, "Mind if I sit down?" Then he slid into the seat without waiting for an answer.

"I don't need any help up here," the pilot said in irritation.

"I think you do, Sub-Lieutenant," Stryker leaned forward to look at the nametag on the pilot's left breast, "... Eghoan. Kill the smoke alarm. Colonel Hades will smoke his pipe."

"But regulations state ..."

"Kill the alarm, }{\i\cgrid0 Sub-Lieutenant}{\cgrid0 ," Stryker interrupted. "File a complaint later, if that is your bent."

The pilot switched the alarm off in irritation and returned his gaze to his instruments, jaw set. Stryker relaxed, and began replaying recent events in his mind. Out of curiosity he asked, "How much warning did the resort get before the avalanche hit?"

Eghoan shrugged, "I don't know."

Stryker persisted, "I don't need an exact time. I'm just wondering how much time people had to get off the slopes. How long was it between the time you gave them the warning, and the time the avalanche reached the upper lift?"

Eghoan shrugged again, "I didn't transmit a warning."

"What?" Stryker's eyebrows raised, and he stared in disbelief for a long moment. Then he gestured carelessly, striking the center console with one hand and surreptitiously activating the cabin inte

rcom, "You cause an avalanche above a ski resort, and you don't even transmit a warning?"

"Me? I didn't have anything to do with that avalanche!" The guy was completely clueless.

"Yes, you did. But you should have transmitted a warning regardless."

"It's not my problem. They're the ones sitting down hill from a mountain of snow."
Stryker sat back and spoke softly, "Colonel Hades, I believe that Sub-Lieutenant Eghoan is all yours."

Eghoan now appeared confused. Stryker reached across and released

Eghoan's harness as Hades stepped up behind Eghoan's seat. "Whah ... hey!" Eghoan's voice climbed an octave as Hades lifted him bodily from the pilot's seat. The transport bobbed momentarily before Stryker activated the autopilot. He then slid into the vacated pilot's seat and began examining the flight plan as Eghoan's wails receded into the rear of the cabin.

Imperial Navy Pilot Record

Personal Background Information
(Imperial Security Bureau)

Name: Wet Willy

Rank: Lieutenant

Scandoc Transission Code (Screen Name): kill_flameboy@hotmail.com

Sex (M/F): N/

Race: Shun'n'def'r Droid

Date of Construction: /A

Place of Construction: hun'n'def'r Platform Shun'n-Sci V

Family: Flameboy-droid from same planet

Social Status: Rich

Past History: He is from a planet called Earth in a very distant galaxy. The Earthlings were performing an experiment to send examples of their technology, culture, and lives. They prepared a huge ship with an experimental, light-speed engine. In the ship, they placed different artifacts, mostly from the companies that helped sponser the project. One of those companies was a skateboard company called *World*

Industries. They included a skateboard entitled *Battle*-it included Willy and his mortal enemy Flameboy in an everlasting battle. The ship was sent off. On the long trip to another galaxy it went through a worm hole that took it back millions of their years and to by planet in the distant Outer Rim Territories. There it was discovered by an unknown race that called themselves the Shun'n'def'r. They found the skateboard and other artifacts. They for some reason, decided to create droids from the two. Flameboy made entirely of fire. Wet Willy made entirely of water. They used the droids to help decipher the rest of the Earth technology. But the two were constantly at odds with one another. The Shun'n'def'rs favored Flameboy above Willy and that angered him even more, because the Shun'n'def'rs made two very critical mistakes. One, they created him to be very independent and he eventually overrode their control programming with that anger. Second, they gave him WAY too much access to all their computers and databases. He poisoned their planet, but before he could destroy Flameboy, he escaped and joined the New Republic's Forces, so Willy then escaped in a stolen Imperial Missile Boat. So, with the *Supersoaker*, as he called it, and wiped out all of the Shun'n'def'r bases and settlements, then went to the Emperors Hammer, with the entire race's knowledge, and joined them.

Alignment & Attitude: Seeks to serve a government that has helped him, with undying loyalty.

Former Occupations: Shun'n'def'r Aide and Diplomat

Hobbies: Building missions and flying missions

Tragedies: The New Republic was established

Phobias & Allergies: None, he has no fear

Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): Will stop at nothing to destroy the New Republic and other enemies, I will do all possible to help.

Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: They assisted me when I needed them and I will pledge my life to serve them.

Other comments or information: Classified

I hereby confirm that the above information is legitimate and accurate to the best of my knowledge.

Signature: Wet Willy

Date: November 16, 1998

FL/LCM Wet Willy/Tornado 1-2/Wing X/ISD Challenge

Imperial Navy Pilot Record

Personal Background Information

(Imperial Security Bureau)

Name: Corran Horn

Rank: Sub Lieutenant

Scandoc Transmissin Code (Screen Name): joe@drsc.freeseerve.co.uk

Sex (M/F):

Race: Human

Date of Birth: 17 years before the Battle of Endor

Place of Birth: Corellia

Marital Status: Single

Family: Mother

Social Status: Average / Good

Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: In early childhood his mother left his father for someone else, leaving him to bring up Corran by himself. His father, Anoren Horn was a member of Corellian Security (CorSec) and was a brave and resourceful man. Corran followed in his footsteps and joined CorSec at the minimum entrance age of 16.

Significant Events of Adulthood: A year after the Battle of Endor, Anoren was killed in a barroom brawl when someone pulled out a blaster that they had managed to sneak past security. This hit Corran hard as he hadn't been there for his father when he needed him the most, but he carried on with his career in CorSec. Six months later an Imperial liaison to Corran's station befriended him and nurtured his already promising pilot skills. Corran appreciated the friendship, and the man, Tel Karnol, asked him if he wished to join the Empire's struggle. He declined, saying that his career in CorSec was a happy one and that he wished to stay on his home planet. After the advance of the New Republic to Coruscant a year and a half later though, he changed his mind when he found out that New Republic forces had killed Tel. He joined one of the largest remnants of the Empire; the Emperor's Hammer Strike Fleet.

Alignment & Attitude: He is a committed, levelheaded pilot, despite his eventful life and wishes to rid the galaxy of vermin like the Rebels.

Former Occupations: Officer in CorSec for 4 years.

Hobbies: Practising on the blaster range.

Tragedies: Death of father and Tel Karnol.

Phobias & Allergies: None.

Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): The last hope for peace and order.
Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: To vanquish all Rebel forces that oppose the Empire and to rid the galaxy of the scum like those who killed his father.

Other comments or information : It is general public knowledge that there is another Corran Horn with a very similar background to this Corran Horn. It is of course entirely coincidental, but the fact that they also look alike does not help; many have speculated that they are the same person! This can and may be used to the Empire's advantage in waging its war against the Rebels in some type of insurgent mission, but for now it is his piloting skills he should concentrate on.

I hereby confirm that the above information is legitimate and accurate to the best of my knowledge.

Signature: CHorn

Date: November 20th 1998

FM/SL Corran Horn/Tornado 1-3/Wing X/ISD Challenge

Imperial Navy Pilot Record

Personal Background Information
(Imperial Security Bureau)

Name: Callum Veers

Position/Rank: Sub-Lieutenant

Scandoc Transmission Code (Callsign): engkwaifat@aol.com

Sex (M/F): M

Race: Human

Date of Birth: 29

Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): Solus City on Troy V

Marital Status (Single, Married, Divorced, Separated): Single

Family: None

Social Status (Destitute, Poor, Well-to-do, Wealthy, Nobility): Poor

Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: Brought up in the mean streets of a megacity on the industrial planet Troy V, Callum Veers learned to survive on his own, at an early age joining a gang which committed minor robberies and assault. Although governed by the Empire because of its vast resources of ore, there were frequent skirmishes with the Rebels, which had increased its presence on the planet with help from the local populace. This state of affairs suited Callum as his goal was to form an inter-galactic business empire to rival that of the Hutt clans.

Significant Events of Adulthood: Quickly rising to become leader, his gang grew to be the foremost criminal organisation on the planet. Its activities ranged from smuggling and piracy to assassination. However he was careful enough not to attract the attention of the Empire by making appropriate contributions to the local Sector Moff and using his network of informants to tip off planned Rebel attacks. What he did not foresee was an ambitious gang member who betrayed him by carrying out secret acts of piracy on Rebel ships and claiming that he was responsible. A convoy of ships he was in was ambushed by the Rebels and himself captured and sentenced to a prison planet for ten years. There he spent two years planning his escape, finally succeeding by hijacking a Corellian Transport, but killing the crew and several prison guards. With a price in his head he realised he could not return to his home planet. He surrendered his ship in an Imperial system and joined the Imperial Navy, quickly proving to be a skillful pilot and fighting many battles against the Rebel

Alliance.

Alignment & Attitude: The Empire enables him to pursue both his personal enemies and the Rebel Alliance.

Former Occupations (if any): smuggler, bounty hunter, gang leader

Hobbies: target practice, unarmed combat

Tragedies: mother died when he was very young, never knew his father (although rumoured to be an Imperial Officer)

Phobias & Allergies: None

Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): the only alternative to the weak, foolish New Republic.

Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: to be a member of the most feared fighting force in the Galaxy.

Other comments or information (optional): Classified

I hereby confirm that the above information is legitimate and accurate to the best of my knowledge.

Signature: Callum Veers

Date: 6/12/98

FM/LT Veers/Tornado 2-2/Wing X/ISD Challenge

Imperial Navy Pilot Record

Personal Background Information

(Imperial Security Bureau)

Name: Prince Jarak Altivs Maldon

Position/Rank: Lieutenant, Flight Member 1-2- Delta Squadron. Acolyte and member of House Senraku of Aquillas.

Scandoc Transmission Code (Callsign): wcerin@spectra.net

Sex (M/F): Male.

Race: Alderaanian (Human).

Date of Birth: 21 Years prior to Battle of Yavin.

Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): Coran City, Alderaan.

Marital Status (Single, Married, Divorced, Separated): Single.

Family: Younger brother Mandas Maldon, Younger sister Kardala Maldon. Parents Jentas Maldon II and Yula Organa Maldon believed killed at

Alderaan when destroyed. Member of Royal House Maldon attaining the status of Leader of the House and the title Prince.

Social Status (Destitute, Poor, Well-to-do, Wealthy, Nobility): Wealthy.

Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: Born to the Royal House Maldon, supreme rulers of nearly 1/4 planet Alderaan and holding territory

across the known Galaxy with dozens of true members (Most living on Alderaan or Corsin).

Received best Schooling at wealthy Alderaanian academies

and colleges. Close to his cousin Leia Organa and his uncle Bial Organa. Known to cause trouble with several other youths his age. Much to his parents

disagreement, he decided to join the Youth Military Corps. He was highly decorated in this organization and went on to the Alderaan Defence Corps.

Significant Events of Adulthood: After reaching the rank of Chief Master Sergeant in the Defence Core at age 18, he left Alderaan for the Imperial

Homeworld to begin his Imperial Officer Training. After he received word of the tragedy at Alderaan, he ran off into the rim of the Galaxy for several years

and joined a smuggling circuit. With his large amounts of money he was able to make large investments, one of which was in his brother's Corporation.

After he cooled off about Alderaan, he totally blamed the incident on Leia and decided to return to the Empire. He joined the Starfighter Corps with the rank of Flight Officer and was assigned under the command of Admiral Harkov aboard the VSD Protector. After the conclusion of his third campaign with Harkov, he transferred to the command of Admiral Zarrin. He then flew with Mu Squadron in the effort to bring the now traitor Harkov under justice. After the capture and execution of Harkov, Jarak Maldon started testing of a new fighter, the TIE Defender. He was assigned to Delta Squadron and given a fighter that bore the name Ace One. After the conclusion of his first and last TOD with Zarrin, he fell under the command of Lord Vader himself aboard his Star Destroyer, the ISD Garret. After successfully destroying the last vestiges of Harkov's fleet, Jarak Maldon was promoted to the rank of Starfighter Commander. Terror struck when the rogue Zarrin, now against the Empire, kidnapped the Emperor himself. With the Garret damaged and no faster ship around, Lord Vader, then-General Ronin and several others, including Jarak Maldon, took the TIE Defenders of Delta in an effort to save the Emperor.

This was pulled off, Jarak and all others involved were awarded the rare Emperor's Will Medal. Jarak Maldon continued his efforts against Zarrin in the position of Delta Commander under command of Vice Admiral Thrawn. He served several campaigns with Thrawn until Zarrin was brought down at last.

Jarak was promoted to Starfighter General and served his last Imperial Tour of Duty with the Garret once again to prepare for the Battle of Endor. After the conclusion of this, Jarak was awarded the Gold Star with Oak cluster for his excellent service, a medal only him and twelve others possessed. He was promoted to the rank of full Lieutenant Commander and given a position on the senior staff of the ISD Nova, one of the new Class-II Star Destroyers.

The Nova served in the Endor Conflict, but was called away at the last minute to put down a small attack by pirates nearby. When they returned, they found the Death Star II and almost the entire fleet destroyed. The Nova managed to collect survivors and run, she escaped into the rim. After six months of running, the Nova was ambushed and destroyed. Jarak Maldon and Lieutenant Intoran managed to escape aboard TIE Defenders, Jarak with his precious Maldon Archives. Jarak and Intoran split up at Tatooine, Intoran was last seen there by Jarak. Jarak himself wandered the rim until coming to the Epsilon Sector where a new fleet called the Intruder Wing was. Jarak remembers little due to an accident when the MC-120 Darkstar was destroyed, he did know he achieved the force status of Dark Jedi Knight, but had lost all memory of everything else. All events in this period of time are vague.

Jarak was found with his Defender and Archives in the Emperor's Hammer space. Jarak, impressed with what he saw in the Emperor's Hammer, signed up on the spot. (For information of Emperor's Hammer history, check Pilot Events Record.)
Alignment & Attitude: Jarak Maldon was always a loyal Imperial. His loyalty was tested with the destruction of Alderaan, but quickly learned the fault was not with them but with his cousin Leia. Briefly allied with the Mugarri Pirates after destruction of Alderaan. Now member of Imperial Fraction, Emperor's Hammer.

Former Occupations (if any): Member of Alderaan Youth Military Corps. Chief Master Sergeant in Alderaan Defence Corps. Agent of Mugarri Trade Sect. Starfighter General and former Delta Squadron Commander. Lieutenant Commander in

Imperial Navy, ISD Nova Operations Officer. Belived to be Dark Jedi Knight and Rear Admiral at one time, memory loss present in area.
Hobbies: Collecting Blasters from famous soldiers and officers. Building model starships. Playing Alderaanian Golaf (Pronounced: Golf. Game involving hitting a ball into a small hole several miles away with sonic wave stick.) Competitive Swimming. Collecting family history of House Maldon.
Tragedies: Loss of nearly 1/2 of family at Alderaan. Loss of several friends with destruction of ISD Nova. Loss of memory concerning events of past year before joining Emperor's Hammer.
Phobias & Allergies: Dose not like being caught in enemies line of fire. Allergic to long-haired Ewoks and certian kinds of Corsinian grasses.
Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): Belive the Imperial system is a clean and efficiant form of government. Feels the Emperor's Hammer is strong and will someday retake the galaxy from the hands of the New Republic. Feel improvements can be made in some places.
Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: Intrested in expanding his efforts to reform the Empire.
Other comments or information (optional): Determend to find all history leading to the past events of his family and to find other family members around the galaxy.

I hereby confirm that the above information is legitimate and accurate to the best of my knowledge.

Signature: Prince Jarak Altivs Maldon

Date: 11/24/98- Aurora Date System.

Imperial Navy Pilot Record

Personal Background Information

(Imperial Security Bureau)



Name: Depriest Van de Meir

Position/Rank: CMDR/CPT

Scandoc Transmission Code (Callsign): Depriest

Sex (M/F): Male

Race: Human

Date of Birth: 11.04.75

Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): Theoria

Marital Status (Single, Married, Divorced, Separated): Single

Family: Annerose von Gruenwald (sister), unnamed mother (deceased), Sebastian von Museal (father, deceased?)

Social Status (Destitute, Poor, Well-to-do, Wealthy, Nobility): Nobility

Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: Depriest was born to a poor-noble family. His mother died saving the life of both he and his sister when they were very young.

Annerose helped the young Depriest cope with this loss and took his mother's place. When his sister was sixteen, she was taken away by the Emperor as a concubine. Depriest confronted his father, discovering that he had sold her to the Emperor. The young Depriest was furious, "The Royals always take what they want!" Later that night, with his friend Siegfried Kircheis, he tried to liberate her but a case of mistaken identity foiled his plan. On a grassy knoll, staring at the sky, Depriest vowed to free his sister and bring the Goldenbaum Aristocracy to an end. As teenagers, Depriest and his friend joined the Imperial Army. Depriest's plan was to become so powerful in the armed forces that he could free his sister and topple the aristocracy.

Significant Events of Adulthood: As a Lieutenant Commander, Depriest was given command of El Murant II stationed at the Iserlohn Fortress (before the Hydrometal was added). During his stay, the fortress was attacked (and almost conquered) by the Free Planets. After winning a battle against the Free Planets at Tiamat, he was promoted and earned the respect from his superiors, who had always felt that he only rose to power since the Emperor favored his sister. It should be noted that the battle at Tiamat was not a total victory, due to the intervention of Commodore Yang Wenli of the Free Planets Alliance. In the months that followed, Depriest changed his name, discarding the shameful "Museal" name for a new lineage. He gained more and more power and finally was able to free his sister, ironically, when the Emperor died. Depriest continued to grab power and became commander-in-chief of the Imperial Starfleet, which cost him his friend's life and his sister's love. Depriest, having fulfilled his childhood vows, made a new one, to end the 150-year long war.

<NOTE by ISB>: All this information does not fit with our previous records of the galaxy. We believe that Depriest has warped in from another, alternate galaxy where he served in a "Galactic Empire". He claims that he served as a former Fleet Commander, and also as the Starfleet Commander. We cannot confirm this, but his leadership abilities are amazing. That is why we are recommending him for at least a squadron commander position, and higher positions when they become available.

Alignment & Attitude: A fierce competitor, Depriest wants to win at all costs. His

Former Occupations (if any): Starfleet Commander of the Galactic Empire

Hobbies:

Tragedies: The loss of his sister's love and the death of his best friend

Phobias & Allergies: None known

Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): The Emperor's Hammer is the best fleet in the galaxy today. The Empire will crush the Rebellion and end this inane war.

Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet:

Other comments or information (optional):

I hereby confirm that the above information is legitimate and accurate to the best of my knowledge.

Signature: Depriest Van de Meir

Date: 21 December 1998

Imperial Navy Pilot Record

Personal Background Information
(Imperial Security Bureau)

Name: Arcoll Wandli Delplancq

Rank: Major

Current Assignment: CMDR/Nun 1-1/Wing V/SSSD Sov

Scandoc Transmission Code: awdelplancq@yahoo.com

Sex (M/F): M

Race: Human

Date of Birth: 79/10/02

Place of Birth (Please include Homeworld): Ulko

Marital Status (Single, Married, Divorced, Separated): Single

Family: none

Social Status (Destitute, Poor, Well-to-do, Wealthy, Nobility): Even if the Delplancq are a very old noble family (the Holy Knights of Ulko the Fourth) all the fortune was lost during the invasion of Ulko by the rebels

Significant Events of Childhood & Adolescence: My parents were governors of the fourth continent of Ulko. In the imperial hierarchy, that was not representing so much of power; it's why we were allowed to give up our functions to the High Vassality of Ulko, keeping our wealth, our palace, our unique antique collection and a great respect from the habitants. Then my father realised one of his child dream and became a TIE Fighter pilot in the old Imperial Navy. I was only nine years old. My father was getting more and more absent, his piloting skills calling him to fight again the enemies of the Empire, because it was the period of the apparition of the resistance groups, particularly the group Rebellion, lead by some dissident senators like Mon Mothma or Garm Bel Iblis.

One day, my mother came on Ghorman in a commercial trip. She was drawn in a big demonstration again tax increase. The crowd sit on the imperial inspector's vessel landing area, hoping that it wouldn't dare landing on the people. Big mistake... the craft landed on the demonstrators, murdering a thousand of people. My mother was one of them.

My brother then stopped to believe in the New Order. The following events, the destruction of the Deathstar, the Corellian Traité which gave life to the Rebel Alliance and the fall of a few star systems below the Rebel Fleet confirmed us that the Empire was dying. He refused to be enrolled in the Imperial Academy and decide to re-create an old caste of Jedi called the Jedi Swordmen. He began an auto-formation and progressed very quickly through the ways of the Force. Our father dyied in the Battle at Endor. The same day, a great revolution broke out on Ulko. The revolutionnary received reinforcements from the Alliance and we had to leave the Palace. It is when my brother decide to begin a mysterious quest... It was the last time I saw my brother alive.

I was a vagabond, changing of orphanhome very often, without even knowing what I should do. When I was fifteen, I went on Abregado, a planet full of pirates, smugglers and bounty hunters. Here I met an old friend; his name was Ghent. This young boy was now all the children want to be : a pirate. In fact, a hacker. He asked me if I wanted to join him, but my dream was to become a warrior, to pilot a fighter, to learn how to use the Force. Then he told me about the Emperor's Hammer Strike Fleet... I knew immediately that my destiny was there.

Significant Events of Adulthood: Nothing yet...

Alignment & Attitude: Most of people think the rebels are the good guys and the Imperials are the bad guys. That's wrong. Of course, the old Empire was a tyranny, but it's only because we are not diplomatists, we are not politician; we are warriors. Our aim is to fight against our

adversary. Today, this adversary is the New Republic. If the rebels were not present, we would fight against other people. It's our destiny to fight, to get stronger and stronger. It is the thing we're made for; trying to form a government would be a great mistake because we are warriors, not politicians. The rebels are politicians.

Former Occupations (if any):

Hobbies: piloting ; composing music ; Delplancq is fond of martial art and has high fighting skills (he learned kung-fu on Tatooïne, when he was living with the Tusken raiders; that's where he met his old friend Vladimir Harkonnen)

Tragedies: Lost of my mother

Phobias & Allergies: asthma

Personal views of the Empire (and Emperor's Hammer): We're not here to destroy the rebels. We're here to be more stronger than the rebels.

Reason for applying to the Emperor's Hammer Elite Strike Fleet: The more respectable fleet in the galaxy, the best fighters in the universe.

Other comments or information (optional): Most people don't understand why I have a lightsaber although I'm just an apprentice. It's not an official one, just one of my personal object (like Chandler's katana). It's a present from Vilkan Delplancq, my lost brother.

I hereby confirm that the above information is legitimate and accurate to the best of my knowledge.

Signature: Arcol Wandii Delplancq

Date: 10/25/98

Imperial Navy Pilot Record

Personal Background Information

(Imperial Security Bureau)

NAME: Bob-Fett (Rowan Robert Hadel)

RANK: Sub-Lieutenant

CURRENT ASSIGNMENT: Flight member of Pe squadron

SCANDIC TRANSMISSION CODE: bob-fett1@prodigy.net

SEX (M/F): M

RACE: Mandalorian

DATE OF BIRTH: UNKNOWN

PLACE OF BIRTH: NeeHa

MARITAL STATUS: Married

FAMILY: Wife and son (both on hidden planet that only a select few know the location of)

SOCIAL STATUS: Well-to-do

SIGNIFICANT EVENTS OF CHILDHOOD & ADOLESCENCE: I grew up on the streets of NeeHa, pretty much living a non-existent life. Doing odd jobs and learning the skills that one needs to survive in this galaxy. I assisted many bounty hunters, assassins, and mercenaries and learned lots and lots about ground warfare. But my dream was always to fly.

SIGNIFICANT EVENTS OF ADULTHOOD: When the Old Republic disbanded and became the Empire, I knew that was the life for me. So I quickly applied for the Imperial Academy and after passing all the requirements I was accepted. After many missions and accomplishments I was lucky enough to be assigned to the flagship of the Imperial Fleet, the SSD Executor. After showing my capabilities I was offered an assignment in Special Ops. It turned out they were putting together a special squadron named Black Wing

Squadron. Black Wing's main mission was to deal with the rebels Rogue Squadron. They issued us newly invented Tie Defenders. But on our first mission, which was supposed to be

the end of Rogue Squadron along with the rebel fleet, tragedy struck. That battle later became known as the battle of Endor. After the loss of my squadron along with the Death Star, the Executor, Darth Vader, and the Emperor himself, Captain Pellaeon of the SD Chimaera gave the order to retreat. I reluctantly hyperspaced back to Coruscant.

ALIGNMENT & ATTITUDE: The Empire is the ultimate law in the universe and will one day reign again. The rebels think they have won the war, but have merely just won a battle in a war that is about to be over, with the Empire regaining its rightful place as the ultimate power in the universe.

FORMER OCCUPATIONS: Mainly just hanging around with the scum of the universe.

HOBBIES: Besides flying all kinds of spacecraft theres an ancient game I learned from a galaxy far far away. Its called golf and it rules.

TRAGEDIES: My father, a Mandalorian Protector, knowing that the end was near, sent his wife and unborn son into hiding. He was killed along with the extermination of the Mandalorian race by the Light Jedi in the Clone Wars. So I never met my father.

PHODIAS & ALLERGIES: Allergic to wookie hair.

PERSONAL VIEWS OF THE EMPIRE: I was part of the Empire during the glory years and know what the New Order stands for and how glorious the Emperor was. So I will do everything in my power to continue the tradition.

REASON FOR APPLYING TO THE EMPERORS HAMMER: After returning to Coruscant I realized the Empire was dying. Without the Emperor or Lord Vader their really weren't any strong leaders. Issard had taken over the Imperial City and most of the Admirals had declared themselves warlords and seperated from the Empire. So I had heard about a special group when I was in Special Ops called the Emperor's Hammer. After using some connections and passing the requirements I joined the EH.

OTHER COMMENTS OR INFORMATION: SERVE THE EMPEROR ABOVE ALL OTHERS

I HEREBY CONFIRM THAT THE ABOVE INFORMATION IS LEGITIMATE AND ACCURATE TO THE BEST OF MY KNOWLEDGE.

SL Bob-Fett/Pe 3-2/Wing V/SSSD Sov
12-29-98

file archives

The Tactical Officer herein posts descriptions of files attached to this newsletter.

SLAndrews.bmp A uniform for FM/SL Andrews/Lambda-1-2/Wing I/SSSD Sov

AS1.jpg A banner for Alpha Squadron by FM/SL Janich/Alpha 2-2/Wing I/SSSD Sov

Imperial logo4.JPG A banner by FL/LTC Khaine/Sadhe-2-1/WingV/SSSD Sov

sadhegraph.zip A series of banners for Sadhe Squadron by FM/LCM e7/Sadhe 2-2/Wing V/SSSD Sovereign

SWT2.MID A concert band arrangement of the Star Wars theme by John Williams, arranged by Jay Bocook, and MIDI translation by FM/LT Pel/Koph 1-4/Wing VI/SSSD Sovereign

WingX.zip A pair of Wing X banners by CMDR-COMMA/MAJ Tad/Cyclone/Wing X/ISD Challenge

messageb.gif A banner for the message board by CMDR/CPT Turtle/Sadhe 1-1/Wing V/SSSD Sov

NiksaVel.zip Four images by SD-IWFO/EM NiksaVel/MC90 Bismarck/IW/EH
Clayton.zip TIE Corps posters by FL/LT Clayton/Spear2-1/Wing IX/ISD Relentless
BurningTIE.jpg A graphic by CMDR/MAJ Darkstar/Zayin/Wing IV/SSSD Sov
Satai.zip Two pictures of the ISD Grey Wolf by CMDR/CM Satai Dukhat/Crusader 1-1/Wing XIII/ISD Grey Wolf
iwats.zip Three graphs of IWATS activity by Dean/FA Astatine/IWATS/Sif
tad.zip Three banners by CMDR-COMMA/MAJ Tad/Cyclone/Wing X/ISD Challenge
enter.gif An animated gif by CMDR-COMMA/MAJ Tad/Cyclone/Wing X/ISD Challenge
striker.zip A few images by CMDR/CPT Striker/Tornado/Wing X/ISD Challenge
EH-TERR.ZIP New maps submitted by the Grand Admiral delineating the boundaries of EH-controlled space.
tieposter.JPG A promotional image by FL/CM Sasquatch/Zayin 2-1/Wing IV/SSSD Sovereign
iwbanner.jpg A banner for the Infiltrator Wing
nl48tac.zip The newly-approved Battle and Free Missions for the Fleet, as submitted by the Tactical Officer.

fleet order of battle

FLEET COMMANDER'S NOTES:

Herein are presented the Capital Ships of the Fleet as recognized by the Fleet Commander. Only those Capital Ships presented below in **boldface** are assigned Emperor's Hammer Members as crew, pilots, etc. (i.e. TIE Corps pilots). Other Capital Ships in the Fleet are assumed to have 'standard Imperial crews' (i.e. non-players).

The SubGroup vessels presented below are also manned with their respective SubGroup Members. Emperor's Hammer Members desiring more specific information on the capabilities of each of the Emperor's Hammer capital ships should review the EH Fleet Manual...

Flagship/Escort

SSSD Sovereign (SSSD Sov)

Aggressor Strike Force

ISD Grey Wolf (ISD GWlf)

ISD Intrepid (ISD Int)

VSD Aggressor (VSD Agg)

BattleGroup I

ISD Colossus (ISD Col)

VSD Formidable

VSD Monitor

M/FRG Imperator

M/FRG Ardent

M/FRG Onamo

ESC Iron Fist

3 Strike Cruisers
7 Carrack Light Cruisers
10 Corvettes
20 Assault Transports
dozens of dedicated transports, tugs & freighters

BattleGroup II

ISD Relentless (ISD Rel)
VSD Ravager
VSD Stalwart
M/FRG Invader
M/FRG Fogger
M/INT Harpax II
TFC Roxanna
M/CRV Phantom (Deep Recon)
4 Strike Cruisers
12 Carrack Light Cruisers
6 Corvettes
18 Assault Transports
dozens of dedicated transports, tugs & freighters

Auroran Home Guard Battlegroup

The majority of the Auroran Home Guard ships can be found either in the Aurora System (see the EH Systems Manual) or on extended patrol nearby...The Homeworld of the Emperor's Hammer Strike Fleet is always defended in these uncertain times...

Torpedo Sphere, Empress Teta (TS Emp Teta)
ISD Challenge (ISD Chal)
ISD Hammer (ISD Hamr)
ISD Warrior (ISD Warr)
VSD Bombard
VSD Rapier
VSD Crusader
VSD Shield
M/INT Fairchild
3 Modified Frigates (hospital/tender M/FRGs)
5 Strike Cruisers
5 Escort Carriers (TIE Fighter shuttles)
5 Modular Taskforce Cruisers (one w/each module type)
8 Dreadnaught Cruisers
13 Carrack Light Cruisers
17 Corvettes
25 System Patrol Craft
60 Skipray Blastboats
120 Assault Transports
hundreds of dedicated transports, tugs & freighters

Auxiliary (SubGroup) Vessels

Dark Brotherhood

SSD Avenger (SSD Avr)
ISD Subjugator (ISD Sub)

Hammer's Fist Stormtrooper Legion

DREAD Retribution (DREAD Ret)
LCF Excelsior (LCF Exc)
LCF Friggia (LCF Frig)
LCF Falcon's Eye (LCF Falc)

The Guild

Star Galleon IvanHoe (SGAL Ivan)

EH Directorate BattleFleet

M/ISD Tiger's Claw
INT*2
VSD*4
DREAD*2
ESC*2
M/VSD-II Firebat

Aurora System

AHG already commissioned

Phare system

VSD Rampart
FRG Raging Bull
FRG Hornet's Nest
4 Carrack Cruisers

Lyarna System

VSD Concorde
FRG Veneable
FRG Assault
4 Carrack Cruisers

Carrida System

VSD Hood
FRG Pompous
FRG Arrogant
4 Carrack Cruisers

Heir System

VSD Conquest
FRG Conquistador
FRG Cortes
4 Carrack Cruisers

Karana System

VSD Ronin
FRG Balboa
FRG Snake
4 Carrack Cruisers

Setii System

VSD Raptor
FRG Rex
FRG Galimimus
4 Carrack Cruisers

Pirath System

VSD Patriot
FRG Rebellion-Crusher
FRG PoliceMan
4 Carrack Cruisers

Minos Cluster Battle Fleet

ISD Crimson Blade
ISD Crimson Dagger
VSD Crimson Sword
VSD Crimson Knife
VSD Crimson Knight
VSD Crimson Guard
16 Carrack Cruisers

Infiltrator Wing

Task Force I

MC90 Bismarck
Assault FRG Alemene
FRG Exeter

Gunship Centurion
Gunship Scorpion
Gunship Bellum
Corvette Vanquish

Task Force II

MC80b Saratoga
FRG Repulse
FRG Vindictive
Corvette Meteor
Corvette Daring

Task Force III

MC60 Warhammer
Assault FRG Leander
Gunship Conquestor
Gunship Scimitar
Corvette Harlow

Task Force IV (Stationary Defense)

M/PLT Destrier
Corvette Scythe
Corvette Akron
Corvette Kraken

Intelligence Division

Imperial Dungeon Ship Lichtor V (DGN LichV)
FRG Stormwind (FRG Storm)
Corvette Grau (Heimlichkeit Strike Team)
Corvette Guren (Nazgul Strike Team)
Corvette Rune (Jaeger Strike Team)
Corvette Ietra (Moerder Strike Team)

Corporate Division Picket Fleet Flagships

INV Invincible (Corporate Division Flagship)

EH Advanced Guard

Core Galaxy Systems Dreadnaught Tranquility

Bases of Operations

Aurora System

The FAC Triad (Support PLTs for the SSSD Sovereign)
Dark Hall on Eos (Dark Brotherhood HQ/Homeworld)
PLT Stiletto (Headquarters of the Intelligence Division)
PLT Dagger (Project Reno Central Command)
PLT Destrier (IW Command Platform)

Phare System

M/PLT Daedalus (Assault Platform/Pilot Training Center)
M/PLT Haven (IW Command Platform/EH Recreation Center)
PLT Revenge (Headquarters of the Corporate Division)

Lyarna System

Lyarna Station - M/PLT (Guild Station/Outpost)

Heir System

PLT Cerlun - M/PLT - FAC (Guild HQ)

Carrida System

PLT Declaration (Hammer's Fist HQ)

pilot manuals

This document contains the current list of EH related files.

The Emperor's Hammer Training Manual

version 4.0

By GA Ronin, FA Paladin (ret.), and SA Havok

This is the most important manual for all the EH members. It contains all general information about the Emperor's Hammer ranks, positions, medals, ID lines, everything. It's a must for every EH member!

Sites:

http://home.fuse.net/havok/Trn-man_main.htm

The Emperor's Hammer Fleet Manual

version 3.0

By GA Ronin and SA Havok

Contains detailed descriptions of all the Emperor's Hammer's starships and starfighters. Also a good manual to read. Especially valuable information to the fiction writers.

Sites:

<http://home.fuse.net/havok/Flt-man.htm>

IWATS Help file

Sites:

<http://members.aol.com/garonin/iwats.hlp>

<ftp://narsissi.tky.hut.fi/hammer/other/iwats.hlp>

Uniform Template Help file

Sites:

<http://members.aol.com/garonin/uniform.hlp>

<ftp://narsissi.tky.hut.fi/hammer/other/uniform.hlp>

The Map of the Empire and Emperor's Hammer Territories

Sites:

<http://members.aol.com/garonin/eh-camp1.zip>

<ftp://narsissi.tky.hut.fi/hammer/other/eh-camp1.zip>

Emperor's Hammer AVI Logo

Sites:

<http://members.aol.com/garonin/emplogo.zip>

<ftp://narsissi.tky.hut.fi/hammer/other/emplogo.zip>

Emperor Palpatine & Lords of the Sith WAV files

Sites:

<http://members.aol.com/garonin/imp-sds.zip>

<ftp://narsissi.tky.hut.fi/hammer/other/imp-sds.zip>

The Emperor's Hammer Operations Manual

version 2.0

By FA Dev

Another essential manual for everyone interested in uniforms (practically almost everyone). It also contains information about medals.

Sites:

<http://faraday.clas.virginia.edu/~mrw3p/images/quix/ops-man.zip>

The Emperor's Hammer Systems Manual

version 3.0

By GA Ronin and SA Havok

The Systems Manual has very detailed information about all the Emperor's Hammer star systems. Very essential to the fiction writers.

Sites:

<http://home.fuse.net/havok/sys-man.htm>

TIE Fighter CD Bonus Goal Help file

By FA Compton

Sites:

<http://members.aol.com/garonin/tiecd.hlp>

<ftp://narsissi.tky.hut.fi/hammer/other/tiecd.hlp>

The Fleet Commander's Dark Brotherhood Grant of Arms

Sites:

<http://members.aol.com/garonin/ga-grant.zip>

<ftp://narsissi.tky.hut.fi/hammer/other/ga-grant.zip>

Poster Art

Sites:

<http://members.aol.com/garonin/eh-postr.zip>

<ftp://narsissi.tky.hut.fi/hammer/other/eh-postr.zip>

Tie Fighter Missing Man Formation AVI

Sites:

<http://members.aol.com/garonin/missing.zip>

<ftp://narsissi.tky.hut.fi/hammer/other/missing.zip>

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